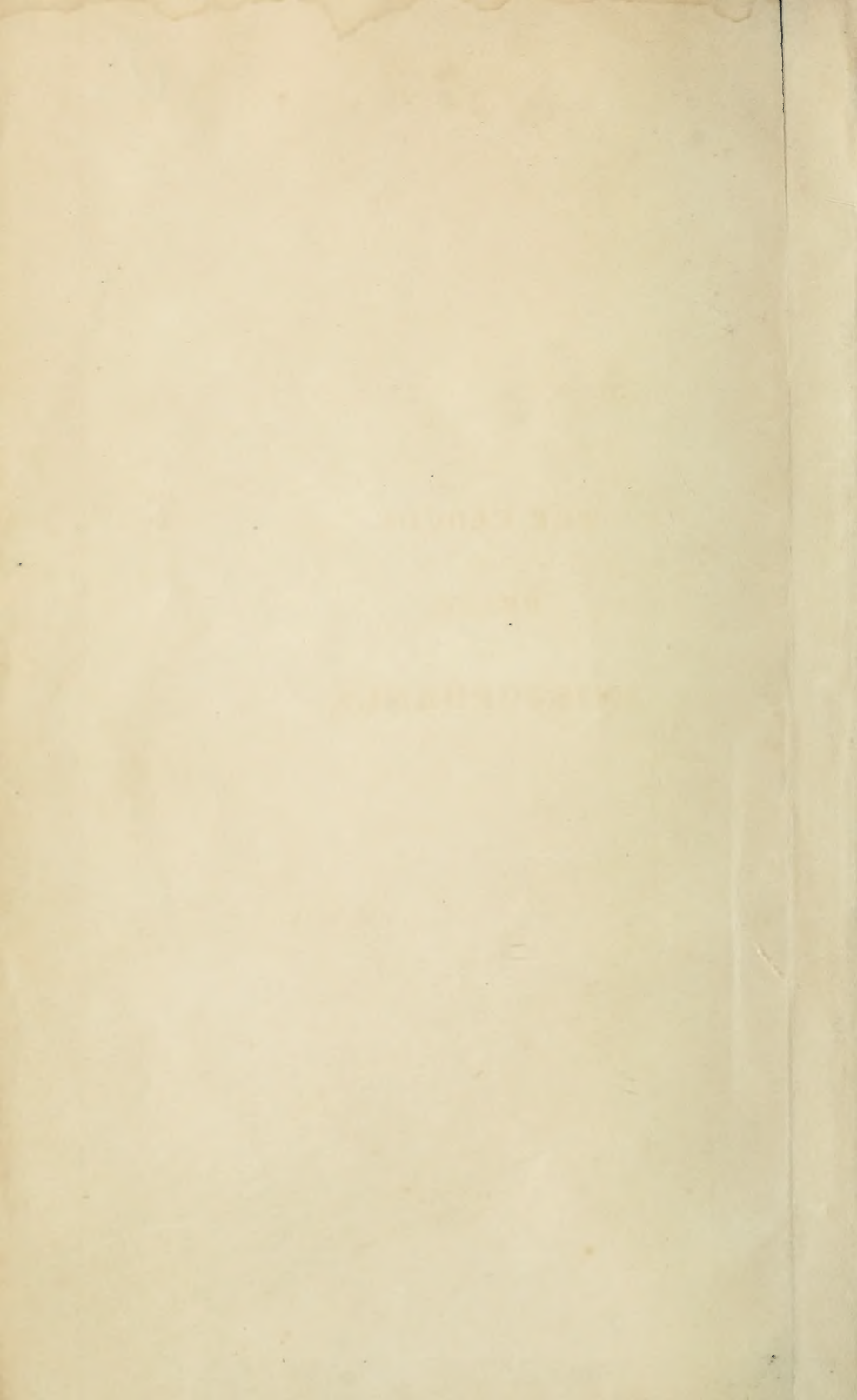


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THE CLOUDS,  
AND  
PEACE,  
OF  
ARISTOPHANES.



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THE CLOUDS,  
AND  
PEACE,  
OF  
ARISTOPHANES.

*TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE,*

BY A GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

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"COMEDIA EST IMITATIO VITÆ, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS,  
IMAGO VERITATIS."

*CIC. apud Donat. in Fragm. de Trag. et Com.*

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OXFORD:  
HENRY SLATTER, HIGH STREET.  
LONGMAN & CO.; WHITTAKER & CO.; SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON.

—  
1840.





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**THE CLOUDS.**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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STREPSIADES.

PHIDIPPIDES.

SERVANT OF STREPSIADES.

DISCIPLES OF SOCRATES.

SOCRATES.

CHORUS OF CLOUDS.

JUST ΛΟΓΟΣ.

UNJUST ΛΟΓΟΣ.

PASIAS.

AMYNIAS.

WITNESS.

CHÆREPHON.

## THE CLOUDS.

STREPSIADES.

[1—18.

Al me! ah me! O king Jupiter, how endless<sup>1</sup> are the hours of night<sup>2</sup>! Will it never be day? And yet long since I heard the cock crow. But my domestics still snore;—a sloth in which formerly they durst not have indulged. Out upon you, O war! on account of many evils, and because you prohibit me from chastising my servants<sup>3</sup>. This hopeful youth, too, who lies here, awakes not through the night; but takes his ease, wrapped up in five blankets. Well, if this is to be the rule of the house, I too will wrap myself up, and snore.

But I, miserable man, am not able to sleep, being tormented by the extravagance, and the stud of horses, and the debts, for which I have to thank this son. But he, cherishing his ringlets, rides his horse and drives his curricule, and even dreams of horses; while I am driven to distraction, as I see the moon, which brings nearer the twentieth day of the month;—for the interest is running on.—Boy! light the lamp;

<sup>1</sup> “Hoc dicit: τὸ χρέμα τῶν νυκτῶν τόσον ἐστίν, ὅσον ἀπέραντον. Mirabundus, nescio hercle, inquit, qui fiat, ut noctes plane sint immensæ.”—HERM.

<sup>2</sup> “Χρέμα τῶν νυκτῶν. Solitus Atticis scriptoribus et huic comico inter alios pleonasmus.”—SPANH.

<sup>3</sup> For the alleviation of evil which the Peloponnesian war brought to the Grecian slaves, see Mitford, v. 9.—In a modern Republic, which exhibits all the vices, cruelty and tyranny of the Athenians, without one particle of their genius or refinement, it is to be hoped that war, if it should again occur, may enforce the lesson which humanity has failed to inculcate; and that the Transatlantic Strepsiades will be taught, to his amazement, that he can no longer “flog his nigger” with impunity.



and bring my account-book, that I may take it and cast up to how many creditors I am indebted, and calculate the interest.—Come, let me see what I owe? Twelve minæ to Pasias. Why, twelve minæ to Pasias?—How did I lay out the money? When I bought the Koppatian<sup>1</sup> horse.—Fool that I was! I wish that I had sooner had my eye knocked<sup>2</sup> out by a stone.

PHID.—That is foul, Philo<sup>3</sup>! Keep your own side of the course.

STREPS.—This is the bane which has destroyed me: for even in his sleep he keeps dreaming about horses.

PHID.—In how many heats will you run the chariot-race?

STREPS.—Many a fine heat have you made me, your poor father, to run.—But, let me see, what debt came upon me after that of Pasias? Three minæ, for a light chariot and pair of wheels, to Amynias.

PHID.—Take away the horse, home, after having given him a roll on the ground.

STREPS.—You, O foolish youth, have rolled me out of all my possessions: since I have already been cast in suits for payment; and other creditors say that they will take my goods, in pledge for interest due.

PHID.—I pray you, O father, why are you so restless, and keep wandering about the whole night?

STREPS.—A certain bailiff<sup>4</sup> is biting me, out of the bed-clothes.

<sup>1</sup> A horse denoting his breed by the mark κόππα, a letter of the old Greek alphabet.

<sup>2</sup> The commentators are divided in the readings and opinions, whether it should be ἐξέκόπην or ἐξέκόπη; i. e. whether Strepsiades wishes his own eye or that of the horse to have been knocked out; and whether there be a play of words between ἐκκόπτειν and κοππατίαν. We are inclined to think that this poor jingle was intentional; but the thin ghost of the witticism, that is scarcely visible in the original, disappears altogether in the translation.

<sup>3</sup> There is a further dispute, whether Philo be the name of a horse, of the charioteer of Phidippides, or of a rival in the race; but there can be little doubt that the last is the right interpretation.

<sup>4</sup> "Demarchus, sive cogitatio de demarcho, quem metuo ne a me pignus annat, mordet me tanquam cimex aut pulex in lecto."—BERG.

PHID.—Permit me, my good sir, to have a little repose.

STREPS.—Well, sleep on; but know that all these debts will one day fall on your head. Alas! I would that the match-maker had been doubly confounded, who excited my ambition to marry your mother. For my earlier life was passed most agreeably in the country, without cleanness, without refinement, without care or trouble, amid stores of bees, of sheep, and pressed olives. But then I married the niece of Megacles the son of Megacles—I, a rustic—the town-bred lady, proud, luxurious, and with all the airs of a Cæsyra<sup>1</sup>. When our wedding took place, I lay down beside her, redolent of lees of wine, of dried fruits and store of wool; but she, of perfumes and myrrh, and billing kisses, of extravagance and pampered living, and all the arts of the wanton Venus. I will not indeed say that she was idle; for she spun. But I, shewing her this cloak by way of pretext, was wont to say: “My dear, you spin too fine.”

SERV.—There is no oil in the lamp.

STREPS.—Ah me! why have you lighted for my ruin that drunken lamp? Come hither, that you may howl.

SERV.—For what fault should I be made to howl?

STREPS.—Because you have put in one of the thick wicks.—After this, when this son was born to us, that is, to me and to this excellent wife, we quarrelled, in the first place, about the name: for she was for adding *ἱππος* to the name, Xanthippus, or Charippus, or Callippides; but I was for giving him the name of his grandfather, Phidonides. And so we squabbled for a long time; but at length we compounded the matter, and called him Phidippides. Taking this son in her arms, she used to fondle him, using these words: “O that the time were come when you, a stately youth, shall drive your chariot to the city, like Megacles, dressed in a thin-woven cloak!” But I was wont to say: “O that the time rather were come, when you shall drive the goats from Phelle<sup>2</sup>, like your

<sup>1</sup> An Athenian dame, who seems to have acquired the sort of unenviable reputation which attached to Poppæa among the Romans.

<sup>2</sup> “Φελλεύς, mons in Atticâ, teste Steph. Byz. et Schol. Comici ad Acharn. 71.”—BERG.

father before you, clad in skins!"—But there never was any attention paid to my words; for the passion for horses had come like a pestilence on my fortunes. And now, after anxiously thinking through the livelong night, I have discovered one path to be pursued—a plan nobly out of the common way, which, if I can persuade this youth to follow, I shall yet be saved. But I must first try to awake him. How then can I awake him in the most soothing manner?—How? Phidippides, my little Phidippides!

PHID.—What is the matter, father?

STREPS.—Kiss me; and give me your right hand.

PHID.—There. What is it?

STREPS.—Tell me if you love me.

PHID.—Yes, I swear it by Equestrian Neptune.

STREPS.—Do not, if you please, swear by the Equestrian; for this is the God who is the cause of my misfortunes. But, if you really love me from your heart, my son, obey me.

PHID.—In what shall I obey you?

STREPS.—Reform, as quickly as possible, your habits; and go and learn the lessons which I shall recommend to you.

PHID.—Tell me, what it is you prescribe.

STREPS.—And will you obey me?

PHID.—I will obey you, I swear by Bacchus.

STREPS.—Look now this way. Do you see that little door and humble abode?

PHID.—I see; but what in truth is it, O father?

STREPS.—That is the Phrontisterium<sup>2</sup> of wise spirits. There dwell men who will assert and make you believe that the heaven is an oven, and that it encompasses us around; and that we are the embers. These men give lessons, if any man will pay<sup>2</sup> them, how to plead a cause successfully, either by just or unjust arguments.

PHID.—Who are they?

<sup>1</sup> *The thinking-shop*, or, as it is given by the translator of Suvern's *Essay on the Clouds*, *the subtlety-shop*.

<sup>2</sup> "De Socrate vere hoc dici non potuit, qui nunquam ab auditoribus suis mercedem accepit. Sed hoc faciebant plerique alii sophistæ."—BRUNCK.



STREPS.—I do not well know how they are called; but they are profound thinkers, noble and excellent men.

PHID.—Out upon them! They are bad ones, and no mistake. You mean those boasters, those pale-faced wretches, those barefoot beggars, of whose sect are the miserable Socrates and Chærephon.

STREPS.—Hold, hold! be silent. Do not talk nonsense. But, if you have any concern for your father's fortune, become one of their disciples, I beseech you, and renounce the love of horses.

PHID.—I would not do so, I swear it by Bacchus, though you were to give me the Phasian steeds<sup>1</sup> which Leogoras rears!

STREPS.—Go, I implore you, dearest of men, enter, and learn.

PHID.—And what does it please you that I should learn?

STREPS.—They say, that among them are practised two sorts of arguments; the better, whatever it may be, and the worse: and they say, that the one of these two arguments, the worse, comes off victorious, even when the speaker maintains what is unjust. If you, then, will make yourself master for me of this unjust mode of arguing, of all the debts which I now owe through your extravagance I should not have to pay a fraction to any one.

PHID.—I cannot listen to you; for I could never look my racing friends in the face with my complexion thus destroyed.

STREPS.—Then, by Ceres! you shall no longer live by my support; neither you, nor the pole-horse, nor the Samphoras<sup>2</sup>; but I will drive you out of my house, to feed the crows.

PHID.—Very well: my uncle Megacles will not see me

<sup>1</sup> Kuster, Bentley, Brunck, Schutz, and Mitchell render *φαστιανὸς*, *pheasants*. Hermann and Wieland, two critics of far better taste, sanction the interpretation which the translator has adopted.

<sup>2</sup> A horse bearing the mark of *στῖγμα* or *σᾶν*, as the Dorians pronounced this letter. See Herod. I. 139.

without a horse: and so I go to him, and care not a rush for you<sup>1</sup>.

STREPS.—Though I am foiled and thrown, I will not lie prostrate; but having prayed to the Gods, I will go myself to the Phrontisterium, and take lessons. Yet how shall I, an old man, with a bad memory and dull comprehension, learn the subtleties of refined disquisitions?—I must go, and try. Why then do I hesitate, and not knock at the door?—Boy! little boy!

DISC.—Go to the dogs! Who is it that knocks at the door?

STREPS.—Strepsiades, the son of Phidon, from Cicynnæ.

DISC.—You are a stupid fellow, by Jove! who have in a manner so utterly devoid of thought kicked against the door, and have caused the miscarriage<sup>2</sup> of an idea which I had just conceived.

STREPS.—Forgive me; for I dwell afar in the country<sup>3</sup>.  
*come from awayback.*  
But tell me, I pray you, what was the conception that has miscarried?

DISC.—These are matters of which it is not lawful to speak, except to the disciples.

<sup>1</sup> Cumberland, who is a much better critic than translator, has justly remarked: "If there is any thing in this scene open to critical reprehension, I conceive it to be, that the speakings of Strepsiades are of a higher cast here than in his succeeding dialogues with Socrates; where the poet (for the sake, no doubt, of contrasting his rusticity with the finesse of the philosopher) has lowered him to the style and sentiment of an arrant clown."—The French critics compare Strepsiades with the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" of the admirable Molière; but the inconsistency of character spoils the parallel. Strepsiades appears in the opening of this play with a strong dash of the bluntness, humour, and shrewdness of John Bull; but he soon degenerates into the stupidity and absurdity of the Pachter Feldkümmel of German farce.

<sup>2</sup> "Allusio ad Socratis matrem, quæ obstetrix erat: ipse autem dicere solebat se eandem artem exercere, ὅτι τέχνην ἔχω τὴν μαιευτικὴν, καὶ διὰ ταύτης ποιοῦ τοὺς νέους ἀποτίκτειν τὰ νοήματα ἐν τῇ ἑαυτῶν ψυχῇ. Schol."—BRUNCK.

<sup>3</sup> As Strepsiades himself pleads his rusticity in excuse for the unmannerly vehemence with which he had assaulted the door of the Phrontisterium, Mr. Mitchell might have spared us the fanciful note, in which he reminds Schutz, "that Strepsiades is not a clown, but rather a country-gentleman, and that he approaches the door of Socrates with too deep a feeling of reverence to allow of any act of discourtesy on his part."

STREPS.—You may speak, then, to me without fear; for I, whom you see before you, am come as a disciple to the Phrontisterium.

DISC.—I will tell you; but you will remember that these things are deemed mysteries. Socrates lately asked Chærephon about a flea, how many of its own feet it could jump; for after having bit the eyebrow of Chærephon, it had sprung away to the head of Socrates.

STREPS.—How, in sooth, did he measure it?

DISC.—Most knowingly. Having liquified wax, he took the flea, and dipped its feet in the wax; so that when it got cool, it was fitted with Persian slippers. These he took off, and measured the space with them.

STREPS.—O king Jupiter! what subtlety of thought!

DISC.—What would you say, if you heard of another ingenious notion of Socrates?

STREPS.—What was it? Tell me, I beseech you!

DISC.—Yesterday evening there was no supper for us.

STREPS.—Well. How did he contrive to supply provisions?

DISC.—Having spread the thin dust of ashes on the table, and then having bent a little spit and taken a pair of compasses, he filched a cloak from the Palæstra<sup>1</sup>.

STREPS.—Why, after this, should we admire Thales<sup>2</sup> as a sage? Open, hasten to open the Phrontisterium, and shew to me Socrates as quickly as possible! For I burn to be a disciple. Pray, open the door!—O Hercules, what manner of wild beasts are these!

DISC.—What excites your astonishment? What do they seem to you to resemble?

STREPS.—The Spartans, who were brought away prisoners

<sup>1</sup> The commentators and critics have laboured in vain to discover sense or coherence in this speech. The explanation of Süvern is ingenious. But Wieland has probably hit the truth, in supposing that the Disciple talks intentional nonsense, for the mere pleasure of mystifying the absurd Strepsiades.

<sup>2</sup> "Plautus, cap. ii. 2. 24: 'Eugepæ! Thalem talento non emam Milesium: nam ad hujus sapientiam ille nimis nugator fuit.' Contra Av. 1010. ille, qui se simulat admirari sapientiam Metonis, dicit: ἀνθρώπος θαλῆς."—BERG.



from Pylus<sup>1</sup>. But why do they keep their eyes fixed on the ground?

DISC.—Their thoughts are in search of things below the earth.

STREPS.—They are probably, then, searching for esculent roots. Do not, my friends, trouble your minds on this account, for I know where large and fine ones are to be found.—But who are these, who are so desperately bent double?

DISC.—These are directing their investigations beneath the shades of Tartarus. But come in, lest he should come upon us.

STREPS.—Not yet, not yet; but let them remain, that I may communicate my little affair to them.

DISC.—It is not permitted to them to remain without, in the open air, for too long a time.

STREPS.—In the name of heaven, what are these? Tell me.

DISC.—That is, Astronomy.

STREPS.—And this?

DISC.—Geometry.

STREPS.—Pray, what is the use of it?

DISC.—To measure out the earth.

STREPS.—What? the public allotments?

DISC.—No, but the whole world.

STREPS.—You charm me by what you say; for this were a popular and useful discovery<sup>2</sup>.

DISC.—Here you have described the circumference of the whole earth. Do you see? here is Athens.

<sup>1</sup> "Proprie non in Pylo capti sunt isti Lacedæmonii, sed in Sphacteria; in quâ insulâ, jacente prope Pylum, in continenti sitam et ab Athenn. munitam, plusquam quadringentos Lacedæmoniorum Athenienses obsidione cinxerant tandemque expugnaverant, et ex iis fere trecentos captivos abduxerant. His autem Lacedæmoniis similes dicit esse philosophos illos, quos apertis foribus intus conspicabatur, nempe squalidos et macie confectos; tales autem reddiderat Lacedæmonios in insulâ illâ desertâ fames diutina. Rem omnem accurate narrat Thucydides, lib. iv."—BERG.

<sup>2</sup> "Fatuitas ridetur hominis rustici, qui totum orbem terrarum divisum iri pauperibus putat. Idemque *pulerum* hoc dicit et *lepidum* inventum, quod sit popolare et ad ditandos cives utilissimum."—SCHUTZ.

STREPS.—What do you mean? I cannot believe you, for I do not see the Dicasts seated in tribunal<sup>1</sup>.

DISC.—I mean, that this truly is the Attic territory.

STREPS.—Where are my townsmen of Cicyonnæ?

DISC.—Here they are. And Eubœa here, as you see, lies stretched out to a very great length.

STREPS.—I know that; for it was pretty well stretched by us and Pericles. But where is Lacedæmon?

DISC.—Where is it? Here.

STREPS.—How near it is to us! I pray you earnestly to consider how you may remove it very far from us.

DISC.—That, by Jupiter, is impossible.

STREPS.—You will have cause to repent of its proximity. But come, tell me, who is that man up in the Cremathra<sup>2</sup>?

DISC.—Himself.

STREPS.—What himself?

DISC.—Socrates.

STREPS.—O Socrates! Quick, my friend, and call him to me with a loud voice.

DISC.—I beg that you will call him for yourself; for I have no leisure<sup>3</sup>.

STREPS.—O Socrates! my dear Socrates!

SOC.—O child of a day! why do you call upon my name?

STREPS.—First tell me, I beseech you, what you are about?

SOC.—I expatiate in air, and contemplate the sun.

STREPS.—And so you despise the Gods from a basket, and not from the earth; if, indeed, you are despising them.

<sup>1</sup> "Quasi hoc præcipuum sit signum, unde Athen. urbs a cæteris dignosci possit, si nempe iudices in foro sedeant; perstringit autem hic etiam τὸ φιλόδικον eorum de quâ re ex professo edidit Vespas."—BERG.

<sup>2</sup> "κρεμάθρα (κρεμάννυμι), a machine, (and, judging from that in which the genius of Pantomime makes his or her descent in the present day, no doubt a very gorgeous one,) in which the Tragic Poets suspended their Gods, when descending from heaven, for the purpose of cutting those scenic knots, which the dramatist found himself unable to untie."—MITCH.

<sup>3</sup> "Quoniam nunc magister adest, discipulus, cui antea multum erat otii ad nugandum, se occupatum fingit."—WIEL.

soc.—For I never could rightly have investigated the things of upper air, if I had not suspended the intellect, and mixed the subtle thought with kindred air. If, standing on the ground, I had speculated from below on things above, I should never have attained to discovery. For the earth, as it were by force, attracts to itself the vapour of meditation; and the very same thing is the case with the water-cresses<sup>1</sup>.

STREPS.—What do you say?—that meditation attracts vapour to the water-cresses? Haste now, my dear Socrates, to descend to me! in order that you may give me those instructions, for the sake of which I have come.

soc.—And why did you come?

STREPS.—Wishing to learn the art of arguing; for, in consequence of interest on debts, and most pestilent creditors, I am plundered, and ruined, and have my goods taken in pledge.

soc.—How have you managed to get in debt, without observing it?

STREPS.—The horse-disease has consumed me—a terrible one to eat! Teach me, therefore, one of your two sorts of arguing, that which pays nothing back; and I swear to you, by the Gods, I will give you whatever reward you may demand from me.

soc.—By what Gods will you swear? for Gods, you must know, are not current coin with us.

STREPS.—By what, then, do you swear? By iron money, as in Byzantium?

soc.—Do you wish to be clearly instructed in celestial matters, and to know their truth?

STREPS.—Yes, by Jupiter, if it be possible!

soc.—And to meet and hold converse with the Clouds, the divinities whom I adore?

STREPS.—By all means.

soc.—Seat yourself, then, upon this sacred couch.

STREPS.—Behold, I am seated!

<sup>1</sup> “Aristophanes alludit ad consuetudinem Socratis decreta sua exemplis vitæ communis illustrandi.”—WIEL.

soc.—Take now this chaplet.

STREPS.—Why a chaplet?—Ah me! Socrates, surely you do not mean to sacrifice me, like another Athamas<sup>1</sup>!

soc.—No; but it is necessary that we should observe all these ceremonies with those who are about to be initiated.

STREPS.—What advantage will thence accrue to me?

soc.—You will become in oratory thoroughly polished, with a tongue like a bell, fine as flour.—But keep quiet.

STREPS.—I think, by Jupiter, that you mean to keep your word: for if I have to go through such a course of grinding<sup>2</sup>, I shall become fine flour.

soc.—It becomes the old man to be reverent in his words, and to listen to our invocation.—O sovereign King, immeasurable Air, who holdest in thy embrace the pendent earth and the bright æther! and ye dread Powers, the Clouds, whose voice is thunder! arise, appear, ye potentates, revealed from your lofty realms to the votary of wisdom!

STREPS.—Not yet, not yet, if you please, till I wrap this cloak around me, and be protected from a wetting! How unlucky it was that I left home without a cap!

soc.—Descend then, O ye Clouds, who are exalted in honour! to reveal your glories to this mortal. Whether ye are enthroned above the drifted snows on the hallowed summits of Olympus, or, in the gardens of your father Ocean, weave the sacred dance with the Nymphs, or by the mouths of the Nile dip your golden urns in his wave, or float above the Lake

<sup>1</sup> “Respicit ad Sophoclis Athamantem, qui in dramate cognomine introductus fuerat *coronatus* a poëtâ, quum deberet immolari, ex responso Apollinis, quia Phrixum filium, instigatus ab ejus novercâ, voluerat occidere.”—BERG.

<sup>2</sup> “Dum autem hæc dicit, comminuit super Strepsiadis capite lapides friabiles, aut eum farinâ conspergit, ut victimæ solebant *molâ* conspergi; nam et iste tanquam victima coronatus erat.” BERG. “Ita Berglerus e Scholiaste. Sed aliter hæc acceperunt veteres magistri. Glossa *καταπαττόμενος ὑπὸ σου ταῖς πληγαῖς διὰ τὰ μαθήματα, παιπάλῃ γενήσομαι. Ita me pugnis comminues, ut facile pollem fiam.*” BRUNCK. If the allusion be to the course of study which Strepsiades has to undergo, the translator will perhaps be excused for using a phrase, which, though not quite literal, will be intelligible in University precincts.



Mæotis or the snowy rocks of Mimas<sup>1</sup>, hearken to our prayer, receive the sacrifice, and be propitious to these rites!

CHOR.—Immortal Clouds! let us arise, in our bright shapes, by the power of our light and dewy nature<sup>2</sup>, from the loud-resounding depths of father Ocean, to the wood-crowned summits of lofty mountains; whence we may descry the far-seen specular heights, and the sacred earth with all the riches of her fruits, and the divine rivers that murmur as they flow, and the sounding sea whose waves break like thunder: for the unwearied eye<sup>3</sup> of heaven blazes forth with its glittering beams. But away with this watery robe of cloud! and, assuming our immortal forms, let us look over earth with far-surveying eye.

soc.—O ye adored Clouds, ye have clearly heard my invocation. Did you hear the voice, and the dread bellowing of the accompanying thunder?

STREPS.—I also worship you, O Powers exalted in honour! and I am inclined to make a reply to your thunder.

soc.—You must use no unseemly jests, nor behave yourself like the low clowns of farce, but observe religious silence; for the great host of Goddesses are advancing forwards, as they again take up the song.

CHOR.—Ye virgins, that bear the showers, let us repair to the bright land of Pallas, that we may survey the realm of Cecrops, the birth-place of valiant men, the abode of all the Graces, where the worship of the unnameable rites is solemnised, where the temple is thrown open to admit the neophyte during the holy days of initiation, and gifts are offered

<sup>1</sup> “Mimas Thraciæ mons est, Homero quoque dictus.”—DIND.

<sup>2</sup> “Mortal! to thy bidding bow’d,  
From my mansion in the cloud,  
Which the breath of twilight builds,  
And the summer sunset gilds.” BYRON.

<sup>3</sup> “——Her angel face,  
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place.”

FAERIE QUEENE, Cant. iii.

to the celestial Gods, and temples lift their domes on high, and statues adorn their walls; where processions in honour of the blessed Powers display the most solemn pomp; and sacrifices, and feasts of the Gods, adorned with fairest chaplets, are celebrated at every season; while with the approach of spring return the Bacchic revelries, and the rival strains of tuneful Choruses, and the deep-toned music of the flute

STREPS.—I beseech you, by Jupiter! tell me, O Socrates, who are these that have uttered these magnificent words? Are they, perchance, Heroines?

SOC.—By no means; but heavenly Clouds, great divinities to slothful men<sup>1</sup>; who bestow upon us judgment, and argument, and intellect, and grandiloquence, and periphrasis, and subtlety and comprehension. *Bamboozling & over-mastering!*

STREPS.—It was thus that my soul, as I heard their voices, became disturbed; and already pants to enter into subtle discussion, and to argue finely about smoke, and, having pierced opinion by acute opinion, to refute the reasoning of another. I eagerly desire, therefore, if it be possible, to see these Beings appear.

SOC.—Look, then, thither, towards Mount Parnes<sup>2</sup>! for I behold them already slowly descending.

STREPS.—Pray, where? Shew me.

SOC.—A great many are advancing through the hollows and thickets, and others are coming sideways.

STREPS.—What can be the matter, that I do not see them?

SOC.—There, by the entrance!

STREPS.—I can now with difficulty discern them.

SOC.—Why, you must now see them plainly, if your eyes are not bunged up with gourds<sup>3</sup>.

STREPS.—Yes, by Jupiter, I am now sensible of your pre-sense, ye awe-inspiring Deities! for they already occupy the whole space around us.

<sup>1</sup> "Sophistis scilicet, in quibus se ipsum quoque Socrates numerare fingitur, hominibus otiosis et a republ. gerenda abhorrentibus."—SCHUTZ.

<sup>2</sup> "Hodiè appellatur Casha, versus meridiem Atticæ."—DIND.

<sup>3</sup> "λημῆς κολοκύνταις, to have rheum-drops in the eyes, as thick as gourds."—MITCH.

soc.—It is not long since you neither knew nor thought that these were Goddesses.

STREPS.—By Jupiter! I took them to be only vapour and dew and smoke.

soc.—Do you not know, by Jupiter! that these Goddesses feed whole crowds of sophists, of Thurian soothsayers, wonder-working physicians, long-haired loungers with rings and seals, the grinders of music for the cyclic dances, and meteorological quacks<sup>1</sup>? All the idle and the useless they feed, because such men hymn their praises.

STREPS.—For this reason, then, I suppose, have they introduced into their verses<sup>2</sup> “the volleyed lightnings and impetuous impulse of watery Clouds,” “the curls of hundred-headed Typho,” “the fiery fury of tempests,” and then “aërial liquid,” “birds with crooked talons that swim through the air,” and “the showers of rain from dewy Clouds;” in return for which effusions, they swallow “slices of great and fine mullets, and the delicate flesh of thrushes.”

soc.—In return for such efforts, is it not just that they should have their reward?

STREPS.—Tell me whence it happens to them, if they are really Clouds, that they resemble mortal women? For Clouds are not such as these.

soc.—Pray, of what nature, then, are they?

STREPS.—I do not clearly know; but they resemble flakes of wool, and not women, by Jupiter! not in the least. And these have noses<sup>3</sup>.

soc.—Be so good, now, as to answer the questions which I shall put to you.

<sup>1</sup> The Moores and Murphies of the ancient world, more appropriate to the age of our author than to this nineteenth century of time.

<sup>2</sup> The passages which follow are either quotations from the Dithyrambic Poets, or parodies and imitations of their extraordinary phraseology. Cumberland remarks: “The satire is fair; but perhaps the old clown is not strictly the person who should be the vehicle of it.”

<sup>3</sup> The meaning is very obscure. Let the reader make what he can of the following note:—“Ridiculum, quod mulieribus similes ait Nubes, quia nasos habeant. Ceterum hic inprimis respici nasos personarum eminentiores, quas actores fabulae gerebant, bene monuit Wielandus.” SCHUTZ.

STREPS.—Speak now, freely, whatever you wish.

soc.—Have you ever, when you looked up to the sky, seen a cloud<sup>1</sup> that was like to a centaur, or a panther, or a wolf, or a bull?

STREPS.—To be sure I have! but what of that?

soc.—They assume every shape that they please. If, therefore, they see a person with long hair, one of those wild and unshorn fellows, like the son of Xenophantes, in derision of his folly they become like centaurs.

STREPS.—What would they do, if they should see Simon, the plunderer of the public property?

soc.—Reflecting an image of this nature, they would suddenly become wolves.

STREPS.—This, then, was the very reason why, when they yesterday saw Cleonymus, who flung away his shield, they became transformed, at the aspect of this coward, into stags.

soc.—And now, because they have seen Clisthenes, you observe that they have become women.

STREPS.—I bid you hail, ye sovereign ladies! and now, if ever to another, to me also speak, with your heaven-piercing voice, ye mighty queens!

CHOR.—Hail, O old man of ancient days, who pursuest the studies that the Muses love! And you, O priest of most subtle trifling! tell us what you require? For we do not listen to any other of the high-soaring Sophists, except to Prodicus<sup>2</sup>; to him on account of his wisdom and intelligence;

<sup>1</sup> Porson has referred to parallel passages in Shakspeare, Swift, and Cicero. To Dobree we are indebted for the following extract from the Worthy Communicant of Jeremy Taylor:—"We sometimes espie a bright cloud form'd into an irregular figure: when it is observed by unskilful and phantastic travellers, looks like a centaure to some, and as a castle to others: some tell that they saw an army with banners, and it signifies war; but another, wiser than his fellow, says it looks for all the world like a flock of sheep, and foretells plenty; and all the while it is nothing but a shining cloud, by its own mobility and the activity of the wind cast into a contingent and inartificial shape."

<sup>2</sup> "A famous sophist, native of Ceos, and a disciple of Protagoras, founder of the title, whose writings were condemned to the flames by decree of the Athenians: the fate of Prodicus was more severe, inasmuch as he was put to death by poison, as a teacher of doctrines which corrupted the youth of Athens. There was something prophetic in thus grouping him with Socrates."—CUMB.



and to you, because you stalk with stately step through these public ways, and cast your eyes from side to side, and submit unsandalled to many hardships, and, in the knowledge of our protection, look supercilious and solemn<sup>1</sup>.

STREPS.—O Earth! what a voice! how solemn, and grand, and magnificent!

SOC.—Yes, for these are the only true Goddesses; and every thing else is idle talk.

STREPS.—Come; in the name of Earth, is Olympian Jupiter not to be considered a God by us?

SOC.—What do you mean by Jupiter? Do not be silly. There is no Jupiter.

STREPS.—What do you say? Who is it that rains, then? First of all explain this, if you please.

SOC.—Who, but the Clouds? and I will prove it to you, by convincing evidence. Tell me, have you ever seen him raining without the Clouds? And yet he might as well rain when the sky was clear, and they were absent.

STREPS.—I swear by Apollo, that you have skilfully adapted this explanation to the inquiry. But tell me who it is that thunders. That makes me terribly afraid.

SOC.—The Clouds, as they roll along, give birth to the thunder.

STREPS.—How? O most audacious man!

SOC.—When they are saturated with much moisture, and are compelled to be borne along, and full of showers lower themselves, from necessity, if in this heavy state they dash against each other, they explode and crack.

STREPS.—But is it not Jupiter that compels them to be borne along?

SOC.—By no means, but the ætherial vortex.

STREPS.—Vortex? It certainly had escaped my notice that Jupiter had ceased to be, and that Vortex now reigned in his stead. But you have, as yet, told me nothing concerning the noise of the thunder?

SOC.—Have you not heard me say, that the Clouds, when

<sup>1</sup> "Sensus est: *Et nobis fletus supercilium tollis; vel, gravitatem quandam et fastum vultu præ te fers.*"—KUST.

full of moisture, dash against each other, and resound by reason of their density?

STREPS.—How am I to believe this?

SOC.—I will prove it to you, from your own case. Have you not, after you have been stuffed with broth at the Panathenaic festival, then felt a disturbance in your belly, and a rumbling has suddenly resounded through it?

STREPS.—Yes, by Apollo, I have, and it has played the mischief with my inside.

SOC.—And is it not probable, that the Air, being boundless, should make a much more mighty thundering?

STREPS.—But tell me, whence comes the thunderbolt with the blazing lightning, which, smiting us, utterly consumes some, and sings the survivors? For Jupiter clearly hurls it at the perjured.

SOC.—And how, O you foolish person, who savour of the musty times of Saturn and of most primitive simplicity! how, if he smites the perjured, has he not consumed Simon, and Cleonymus, and Theorus? for they are all most deeply perjured. But he smites, on the contrary, his own temple, and Sunium, the promontory of Athens<sup>1</sup>, and the tall oaks. Upon what principle? [for an oak cannot perjure itself.

STREPS.—I do not know; but you seem to speak with reason. —What then is the thunderbolt?

SOC.—When a dry wind, rising in the upper air, is enclosed in the clouds, it blows them out from within, like a bladder; and then, by the force of necessity, having burst them, it hurries out, acquiring velocity from compression, and, through the whizzing and violent impulse, setting fire to itself.

STREPS.—By Jupiter, this very thing once happened to me, at the Diasian festival! I was roasting a paunch for my kinsmen, and forgot to make a slit in it: it became inflated therefore, and, suddenly bursting, it defiled my eyes, and burnt my face.

CHOR.—O mortal, who desirest to learn high philosophy from us, how happy will you be accounted in Athens, and

<sup>1</sup> “Allusit ad versum Homer. Od. Γ. 278: ‘ἄλλ’ ὅτε Σούνιον ἱρὸν ἀφικόμην, ἄκρον Ἀθηνῶν.”—KUST.

through Greece, if you excel in memory and deep thought, and patience is implanted in your soul, and you are not fatigued either by standing or walking, nor regard as a hardship the severity of cold, nor are eager for your dinner, and refrain from wine, and public games and other follies<sup>1</sup>; and consider this the highest excellence, as becomes a man of genius, to conquer in action and in counsel, and in the war of words!

STREPS.—As far as regards a determined spirit, and anxious thought that banishes repose, and a frugal stomach contented with hard living and the leaves of savory for supper, you may confidently banish all care; since, in respect of enduring these hardships, I will warrant myself a very anvil.

SOC.—And will you also agree to believe in no God, except in such as we believe in—Chaos, and the Clouds, and the Tongue—these three?

STREPS.—I would absolutely hold no converse with any others, not even if I met them; nor would I sacrifice to them, nor pour libations, nor place frankincense on their altars.

CHOR.—Tell us now, boldly, what we shall do for you? for it shall bring you good fortune, that you honour and admire us, and seek to become accomplished.

STREPS.—O sovereign ladies! I have to request of you this very small favour, that I beat all the other Greeks in speaking, by a hundred lengths.

CHOR.—Your prayer shall be granted by us; so that, in future, no one in the public assemblies shall support more victorious propositions than you.

STREPS.—May it never be mine to talk about such high matters! for this is not the thing I seek, but how I may be able, in my own cause, to pervert the course of justice, and to evade my creditors.

CHOR.—You shall obtain your desires; for you do not ask

<sup>1</sup> A curious account of the Pythagorean practices, to which the words of the Chorus are supposed to refer, will be found in the learned notes with which Mr. Mitchell has illustrated this portion of the drama.

much. But entrust yourself without fear to the care of our ministers.

STREPS.—I will do so in reliance upon your word; for necessity compels me, on account of the Koppatian horses, and that marriage which was my ruin. Now, therefore, let them use me as they please<sup>1</sup>. I give up, at least, this my body to them—to blows, to hunger and thirst, to filth and cold, and to be flayed as a hide—if I can but escape these debts, and appear to men to be bold, voluble, confident, a fellow that pushes his way, impudent, a concocter of falsehoods, inventive of words, versed in points of law, learned as the code, with a tongue like a bell, sly as a fox, thoroughly practised, pliant as leather, *a sharper*, a dissembler, a slippery one, a boaster, a gallow's rogue, *a supple-jack*, a scoundrel, a shift practitioner, a pest, a parasite. *an awkward customer*. Provided that men, when they meet me, shall call me by these names, my instructors may do to me simply what they please. If they wish it, I swear by Ceres, that they may mince me into sausages, and serve me up to the Sophists. .

CHOR.—This disciple has a spirit that wants not daring, but is apt to learn. But know, that if you acquire these arts from me, you will obtain among men a glory that reaches to heaven.

STREPS.—What will come to me?

CHOR.—You shall for ever pass with me the most enviable of mortal lives.

STREPS.—Shall I indeed ever live to see that day?

CHOR.—You shall be so famed, that many shall ever be seated at your gates, wishing to have consultations and conferences with you, and to take opinions from you as to actions and defences, which will be worth many talents to your skill<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> "In the torrent of words which here breaks from Strepsiades, are we not to see the influence of the Glottic or Tongue-Divinity; as on a former occasion we saw a species of nympholepsy come over him, in consequence of his encounter with the Cloud-Goddesses?"—MITCH.

<sup>2</sup> "Totam Chori sententiam sic reddiderim: Ita ut multi januam tuam semper obsideant, tecum communicare et colloqui volentes, ac vel de publicis causis vel de civilibus actionibus, multorum talentorum negotiis, dignis, in quibus ingenium tuum exerceas, tecum deliberare, te consulere cupientes." SCHUTZ.—Dindorf justly observes: "Interpretes omnes sensum magis quam verba expresserunt."



Begin then, O Socrates! to give the old man a sample of your proposed instructions; and stir up his faculties, and make trial of their powers.

soc.—Let us begin, then, by your telling me what is your turn of mind; in order that, knowing it, I may next apply to you our new engines<sup>1</sup>. *ingeniities*

STREPS.—What? Do you mean, by the Gods! to lay siege to me, as if I were a walled town?

soc.—No; but I wish to learn from you, in a few words, if you have a good memory.

STREPS.—I have two sorts of memories, I swear by Jove. If any thing is owing to me, I have a capital memory; but if I owe, unhappy man that I am! I forget it altogether.

soc.—Is the power of speaking implanted in your nature?

STREPS.—Speaking is not in me; but cheating is.

soc.—How, then, will you ever be able to learn?

STREPS.—Have no fear: I shall get on famously. *chuck*

soc.—Be on the watch then, in order, that if I *place* before you any ingenious notion concerning the things of upper air, you may immediately pick it up.

STREPS.—What do you mean? Am I to pick up philosophy, as a dog a bone?

soc.—This man is ignorant and barbarous. I fear, old man, that you stand in need of blows. Come, tell me what you would do, if any one should beat you?

STREPS.—I take the beating<sup>2</sup>; and then, waiting for a little, I offer witnesses to prove it; and after another short interval I ask for sentence.

soc.—Come now, lay aside your cloak.

STREPS.—Have I done any thing wrong?

soc.—No; but it is the rule that our disciples should enter naked.

STREPS.—I am not about to enter your house in search of stolen goods.

<sup>1</sup> “*μηχανὰς artes, rationes novas intelligit Socrates: senex verò instrumenta bellica, hinc stultè et comicè quærit v. seq.*”—HARL.

<sup>2</sup> “*τύπτομαι est, patior me verberari.*”—DIND.

SOC.—Lay it aside. Why do you talk nonsense?

STREPS.—Tell me now this. If I shall learn with diligence and zeal, which of your disciples shall I come to resemble?

SOC.—You will exhibit a close resemblance to the qualities of Chærephon.

STREPS.—Alas, for my evil fortune! I shall become half a corpse.

SOC.—Do not chatter; but follow me, making your way hither quickly.

STREPS.—Give me first into my hands a honeyed cake<sup>1</sup>; for I fear to descend into that entrance, as much as into the cave of Trophonius.

SOC.—Come; why do you thus linger by the door?

CHOR.—May you enter with good fortune, because of your noble spirit! May prosperity attend this mortal, who, though advancing into the vale of years, imbues his genius with the hues of youthful studies, and cultivates wisdom! *tuus.*

[Spectators<sup>2</sup>, I will tell you freely the truth, I swear by Bacchus, who has fostered my genius<sup>3</sup>! May I thus surpass my rivals; and be esteemed an able author, as deeming you to be skilful judges, and this the most clever of my plays<sup>4</sup>. I thought it right to offer first for your approval that work which had exacted my greatest labours: but I had to retire from the contest defeated, though I did not deserve it, by ignorant men<sup>5</sup>. And therefore do I find fault with you, a discerning audience, for whose sake I had carefully

<sup>1</sup> "Offam mellitam projiciebant serpentibus in Trophonii antro obviis, ut eos placarent."—BERG.

<sup>2</sup> "Choragus' nomine poëtæ spectatores alloquitur." SCHUTZ. "Parabasis hæc docta admodum est, multaque lectu digna et ad historiam comædiæ veteris pertinentia continet." KUST.

<sup>3</sup> The Bacchic festivals were the principal occasions on which the ancient comedies were produced.

<sup>4</sup> "σοφώτατ' ἔχειν, h. e. σοφωτάτην εἶναι, *peritissime compositam, præstantissimam, esse.*"—DIND.

<sup>5</sup> "ὑπ' ἀνδρ. φορτ. *judicibus imperitis pronunciantibus.*" ERN.—The author's tact would unquestionably have prevented him from applying so direct a censure to the audience; and we willingly agree in opinion with Dobree and Mitchell, that the sarcasm was aimed at successful rivals.

composed this play. But do not think that I will ever willingly forsake the service of men of so much merit. For from the time that, in the presence of an audience whom it is a pleasure even to address, my *Modest Man* and my *Rake* met with such favourable reception, and I (for I was yet a virgin, and it was not lawful for me to have children) exposed my offspring, and another mother took it up and claimed it as her own, and you so generously nourished and trained it—from that time, I say, I have had the surest pledges of your kindly feelings towards me. And now, therefore, like another Electra, has this comedy come seeking, if it can haply meet, with such acute judges: for it will recognise, if it should see, the lock of a brother<sup>1</sup>. That she is modest by nature, you have an opportunity of observing: for, in the first place, she has not come making any gross exhibition in order to set the boys a laughing, nor flung scoffs at the bald-headed, nor danced the Cordax<sup>2</sup>; nor does an old man, as he recites his part, strike the bystanders and drive away wretched scoffers<sup>3</sup>; nor has she rushed upon the stage bearing torches, nor shouting *ἰὸν, ἰὸν*<sup>4</sup>; but has come relying on her own merits, and the quality of her verses<sup>5</sup>. I also, your poet, though so excellent in my art, do not give myself airs, nor seek to deceive you by twice and

<sup>1</sup> The meaning of this passage, as the Scholiast has the honesty to confess, is very obscure. We subjoin portions of two attempts at explanation:—"In hac comparatione *Electra* est præsens comœdia, ut ipse dicit Comicus; per *fratrem* autem *Electræ*, s. per *Orestem*, debet intelligi altera illa comœdia, quam a cordatis spectatoribus laudatam esse dixit; per *comam* autem *fortuna* alterius comœdiæ sive plausus quem meruerat." BERG "Ut *Electra* illa fratrem *Orestem* desiderans cincto in tumultu patris viso conjiciebat illum adesse, sic ait Aristophanes, hanc *Nubium* comœdiam quæ istos sapientes scilicet spectatores, qui *Daetalensibus* palmam dederint, desideret, facile eos agnituram ex plausu sibi tributo." SCHUTZ.

<sup>2</sup> A species of wanton dance.

<sup>3</sup> "πονηρὰ σκώμματα (*wretched scoffers*), res pro personâ."—MITCH.

<sup>4</sup> Exclamations, with which this very play opens.

<sup>5</sup> The Scholiast has very justly found fault with these boasts of our poet; and proved, from his own works, that he has been guilty of all the offences against decency and good taste which he reprehends so freely in others. The justifications attempted by Schutz and Süvern are lame in the extreme.

thrice bringing forward the same pieces; but ever seek to shew my invention, by introducing new scenes, not at all resembling each other, but all clever. I it was, who, when Cleon was at the height of his power, gave him a blow in the pit of the stomach, and afterwards disdained to insult his prostrate body. But these scribblers, when Hyperbolus has once given them a handle, keep trampling for ever on that wretched man and his mother. Eupolis, indeed, first of all dragged forward his Maricas on the stage, having basely and badly turned my play of the *Knights* inside out; adding to it, for the sake of the Cordax, a drunken old woman, whom Phrynichus had already introduced as a poetical character, the same that the whale devoured. Hermippus was the next who again assailed Hyperbolus in verse; and now all the others make Hyperbolus their butt, imitating my simile about the eels<sup>1</sup>. Whoever can smile at the wit of these, may frown, if he pleases, upon my attempts; but if you are pleased with me, and with these inventions of my Muse, you will seem to later times to have judged rightly.]

SEMI-CHOR.—I first invoke, to join our choral band, Jupiter, who reigns on high, the monarch of Gods; and the potent wielder of the trident, the God whose impetuous force moves, as with a lever, earth and the salt sea; and our renowned father, most holy Æther, life-supporter of all Nature; and the guider of the fiery steeds, who pervades all the extent of earth with his refulgent beams, great among Gods, and among mortals revered as divine!

CHOR.—Most enlightened spectators, we pray you to lend us your attention! for having been wrongfully used, we must bring our complaint against you. Though we, of all the Gods, confer the greatest benefits on your city, to us alone of deities you neither offer sacrifice nor pour libation, in return for our protection. For if there should be any public expedition unwisely undertaken, then we either thunder or rain. When, for instance, you <sup>were</sup> ~~chōsōi~~ that Paphlagonian

<sup>1</sup> "Respicit hic Arist. ad locum illum elegantissimum Eq. 860: ὅπερ γὰρ οἱ τὰς ἐγγέλαις θηρίωνες ποιοῦσας etc. quam imaginem sive similitudinem multos poëtas postea imitatos esse dicit."—KUST.



tanner, whom the Gods detest, to be the leader of your armies, we frowned and were enraged; and thunder with lightning burst forth, and the moon forsook her path in heaven; and the sun, straightway drawing in his wick to himself, said that he would not shine upon you if Cleon were to be your leader. But still you chose him; for they say that rash counsel is inherent in this city, but that the Gods make all your errors turn out for your advantage. And how this also might turn out to your advantage, we can easily teach you. If, convicting the cormorant Cleon of corruption and plunder, you should then firmly screw his neck into the wooden collar, again, with your old luck, if you committed any fault in this, the result, you may depend upon it, would be for the good of the city.

SEMI-CHOR.—Now again would I invoke thee, O Phœbus, king of Delos, whose dwelling is among the lofty peaks of the Cinthian rock! and thee, O blessed Goddess, whose presence fills the golden shrines of Ephesus, where the Lydian virgins pay high honours to thy name! and our own Goddess, beloved in this land, Minerva, who bears the ægis and protects our city! and the God, who, haunting the cliffs of Parnassus, is circled by the blazing torches, conspicuous among the Delphic Bacchanals—the reveller Bacchus!

CHOR.—As we were about to set out on our way hither, the Moon, meeting us, commanded us to say, that, in the first place, she sends her good wishes to the Athenians and their allies: and next, she declared that she was angry; for that she had met with a poor return for the favours which she had conferred on you, not only in word but in deed. In the first place, she saved to you not less than a drachma a month for torches; so that each man, when he went out of an evening, was wont to say, “Boy, you need not buy a torch, for there is beautiful moonlight.” And she says that she has conferred other benefits on you; but that you do not even observe rightly the rotation of days, but turn them all topsy-turvey in confusion: so that the Gods are constantly threatening her, when they may have been cheated of their supper, and have had to return home without

enjoying their festivals at the stated times. And she further complains, that when you ought to be sacrificing, you are inflicting tortures, and pronouncing sentences; and that often, when we are observing fasts in heaven, and mourning for the death of Memnon or Sarpedon<sup>1</sup>, you are pouring libations and rejoicing. In return for these offences, when you chose Hyperbolus this year to be your sacred envoy to the Amphictyonic Council, he was afterwards deprived by us Goddesses of his crown<sup>2</sup>: for thus shall he learn better, for the future, how he ought to pass the days of his life, in accordance with the laws of the Moon<sup>3</sup>.

soc.—I swear, by Respiration, and Chaos, and Air, I have never seen a man so clownish, nor so impracticable, nor so foolish, nor so forgetful; who, if you teach him the smallest fragment of a subtlety, forgets it before he has well learnt it. I will call him, however, to come out here, before the doors, into the light<sup>4</sup>. Ho, Strepsiades! come forth, bringing your truckle-bed!

STREPS.—The bugs will not permit me to bring it forth.

soc.—Make haste to lay it down; and lend me your attention.

STREPS.—Behold, I obey your wishes!

soc.—Come now; what do you now first wish to learn of those things in which you have not yet received any instruction? Tell me. About measures, or verses, or rhythms?

STREPS.—I should prefer to learn about measures; for it is but lately that I was cheated out of two pecks, by a meal-dealer.

soc.—I do not ask you this, but which you account the most beautiful measure; whether the trimeter or tetrameter?

<sup>1</sup> Sons of Jupiter, who were slain at the siege of Troy.

<sup>2</sup> “στέφανον. Et in Eqq. Cleoni adimitur corona, quia non rectè administraverat remp.”—BERG.

<sup>3</sup> “Quomodo Kalendarium turbatum apud Athenienses, variè disputant Scalliger et alii, sed nihil extricant.”—ERN.

<sup>4</sup> “πρὸς τὸ φῶς. Satiricè dictum in scholam Socratis, ut in autrum ferarum.” ERN. “πρὸς τὸ φῶς. Nimirum quia tenebricosum erat φροντιστήριον; unde illud supra Strepsiades cum antro Trophonii comparabat.” SCHUTZ.

STREPS.—I think that nothing goes before the half-bushel.

SOC.—You talk nonsense, man.

STREPS.—What will you wager with me that the tetrameter is not the half-bushel?

SOC.—Go to the dogs! how ignorant and unteachable you are! You, forsooth, would be quickly able to acquire the doctrine of rhythms!

STREPS.—What good will rhythms do me, in the matter of meal?

SOC.—They will teach you, in the first place, to be agreeable in society, and to understand what sort of rhythm is suited to the war-dance, and what sort is that whose harmony is in dactyls?

STREPS.—In dactyls? I have no wish, O wretched man! to learn aught on these subjects.

SOC.—What then?

2651 STREPS.—One thing, one thing only—that unjust method of reasoning?

SOC.—But there are other things which it is necessary that you previously should learn; as, for instance, what quadrupeds are properly masculine.

STREPS.—I know what are masculine, if I am in my senses: such are *κριὸς*, *τράγος*, *ταῦρος*, *κύων*, *ἀλεκτρυὼν*<sup>1</sup>.

SOC.—Do you see what a mistake you make? You use the name *ἀλεκτρυὼν* both for the male and female.

STREPS.—How? Explain.

SOC.—How? The one with you is *ἀλεκτρυὼν*, and the other is *ἀλεκτρυὼν* also.

STREPS.—So, by Neptune, it is! but how, then, ought I to call them?

SOC.—The one should be called *ἀλεκτρύαινα*, and the other *ἀλέκτωρ*.

STREPS.—*Ἀλεκτρύαινα*? A clever notion, by the Air! So that, in return for this piece of learning alone, I will fill your *κάρδοπον* with flour, all round, up to the brim.

<sup>1</sup> “Magna est ruditas rustici, gallum s. gallinam inter quadrupedes numerantis. Quod tamen non animadvertit Socrates, sed aliud reprehendit, quod levius erat.”—BERG.

SOC.—Behold another error! You make *κάρδοπον*, which is female, to be masculine.

STREPS.—In what way do I make *κάρδοπον* masculine?

SOC.—In the same way as if you were to say *Κλεώνυμον*.

STREPS.—How, pray?

SOC.—*Κάρδοπος* and *Κλεώνυμος* are the same thing to you.

STREPS.—Why, my worthy master, there was not even a *κάρδοπος* in the possession of Cleonymus; but his kneadings took place in a round mortar<sup>1</sup>. But how, for the future, ought I to call it?

SOC.—How? Call it *καρδόπην*, as you say *Σωστράτην*.

STREPS.—*Καρδόπην*, in the feminine?

SOC.—You so speak it rightly.

STREPS.—By this rule, then, it should be *καρδόπη*, *Κλεωνόμη*?

SOC.—You must learn, moreover, about names, what are masculine, and what are feminine.

STREPS.—Surely I know what are feminine.

SOC.—Let me hear them.

STREPS.—Lysilla, Philinna, Klitagora, Demetria.

SOC.—And what names are masculine?

STREPS.—Thousands: Philoxenus, Melesias, Amynias.

SOC.—Those, you wretch! are not masculine.

STREPS.—Are those not held to be masculine by you?

SOC.—By no means: for how would you call to Amynias, if you met him?

STREPS.—How would I call? Thus: "Hither, come hither, Amynia!"

SOC.—Do you see? you call Amynias a woman.

STREPS.—Is it not with justice, if she<sup>2</sup> never goes forth to battle? But why should I learn these things, which we all know?

<sup>1</sup> "Whether, in this obscure passage, the round mortar implies Sicily, as it does in Vesp. (924. Br. Ed.), I do not undertake to say; but in that case the meaning would perhaps be, that Cleonymus, through the interest of his patron Cleon, had obtained some appointment in that island, where, like Laches, he had made considerable pickings."—MITCH.

<sup>2</sup> "Pro vulg. *ὅστις* ex lib. Rav. *ἥτις* dedimus, aptum præcedentibus et plenum contemptiois." HERM. "Non sequutus est Schutz. Et Strepsiadi convenientius est *ὅστις*, qui antea τὸν Ἀμ. dixerat." DIND.



soc.—It is no use, by Jupiter! But, laying yourself down in this place—

STREPS.—Do what?

soc.—Excogitate some thing concerning your own affairs.

STREPS.—Not upon that bed there, I beseech you; but, if I must needs set about the task, suffer me to excogitate these things on the ground.

soc.—There is no other method, than what I have prescribed, permitted.

STREPS.—Unfortunate man that I am! what a penalty shall I this day pay to the bugs!

soc.—Now exercise thought and speculation, and, having concentrated the powers of the mind, turn them to various views; and quickly, when you fall into a difficulty, spring to another subtlety of the intellect. But let soothing sleep be absent from your eyes.

STREPS.—Attatai! attatai!

soc.—What is the matter with you? what distresses you?

STREPS.—I, wretched man, am destroyed; for the Corinthians<sup>1</sup>, coming out from the truckle-bed, are biting me, and are tearing my sides, and drinking up my life, and are annihilating me!

soc.—Do not now complain too heavily.

STREPS.—How shall I not complain, when my money is gone, my complexion gone, my life gone, my shoe gone? If, in addition to these evils, I have to lie awake, and sing the night-watches, I shall soon be gone myself.

soc.—Ho you! what are you about? Are you not thinking?

STREPS.—I? Yea, by Neptune!

soc.—And what have you thought?

STREPS.—Whether any bit of me will be left by the bugs.

soc.—You will perish most wretchedly.

STREPS.—Why, my good friend, I have already perished.

<sup>1</sup> “Κορίνθιοι facetè et præter expectationem dixit pro κόρες, i.e. cimices: tum quia inter duas illas voces est quædam soni affinitas, tum etiam ut Corinthios, qui tum temporis hostes erant Athenæ., per jocum hunc auditoribus ridendos propinaret.”—Kust.

SOC.—You must shew no effeminate weakness; but cover yourself up; for you have to discover an argument of cheating, and quirk of fraud.

STREPS.—Ah me! who will give me a notion of cheating, from the blankets<sup>1</sup>?

SOC.—Come now; I must first see to this fellow, what he is about. Ho you! are you asleep?

STREPS.—No; by Apollo, I am not!

SOC.—Have you got any thing?

STREPS.—No; by Jupiter, I have not!

SOC.—What, nothing at all? Will you not quickly cover yourself up, and think out something?

STREPS.—About what? for do you, tell me this, O Socrates!

SOC.—Declare what it is that you first wish to discover.

STREPS.—You have heard a thousand times what I wish, how I may not have to pay back the money which I have borrowed.

SOC.—Come now, cover up your head, and, fixing the subtle thought, slowly revolve your affairs, rightly distinguishing and viewing.

STREPS.—Alas! unhappy man that I am!

SOC.—Keep quiet; and if you should be baffled in any one of your conceptions, dismiss it, and leave it; and again stir up the judgment, and bring it under your controul.

STREPS.—O dearest little Socrates!

SOC.—Well, old man?

STREPS.—I have a notion that will rid me of my debts.

SOC.—Declare it.

STREPS.—Tell me now this—

SOC.—What?

STREPS.—If, having bribed a Thessalian witch, I should

<sup>1</sup> The Translator is at a loss to discover the point of the witticism which the Commentators on this passage labour to explain. “*Propriè ἀρναιὶς est pellis ovina, ut constat; sed quia huic voci similis est vox ἄρνῃσις, negatio, illam pro hâc posuit comico joco, ut paullo ante Κορίνθιοι pro κόρεις.*” BERG. “As Socrates is throwing (ἐπιβάλλει) the lamb or sheep fleeces (ἀρναιίδας) upon Strepsiades, the latter, before he is finally covered up, delivers himself of a wish, suggested by the equivoque in the words ἀρναιὶς and ἄρνῃσις.”—MITCH.

bring down the moon, by night, from the sky ; and should then shut it up in a round case, like a mirror ; and carefully keep it—

SOC.—What good would that do you ?

STREPS.—Can you ask ? If the moon were never again nowhere to re-appear, I should not have to pay back my debts.

SOC.—How so ?

STREPS.—Because the money is lent at monthly dates.

SOC.—Very well. But I will now propose to you another trial of your ingenuity. If a suit for five talents should be entered of record against you, tell me how you would get rid of it.

STREPS.—How ? how ? I do not know, but I must endeavour to discover.

SOC.—Do not always revolve your thoughts about yourself ; but let your ideas have scope to wander in air, like a cockchafer tied with a thread by the leg.

STREPS.—I have found out a most clever method of getting rid of my suit, as you yourself will acknowledge.

SOC.—Of what description may it be ?

STREPS.—You have seen, no doubt, in the shops of chemists, that beautiful and transparent stone with which they light a fire ?

SOC.—You mean a burning-glass.

STREPS.—I do. How now, if taking this, when the clerk of the court is entering the plea against me, I, standing apart, in the direction to the sun, should melt out the letters of my suit.

SOC.—It were cleverly done, I swear it by the Graces !

STREPS.—How delighted I am that the suit against me for five talents has been cancelled !

SOC.—Come now, quickly pick up this notion.

STREPS.—What notion ?

SOC.—How, by preferring a counter-plea, you could avert sentence, when you were about to be cast in penalties, because you had no witnesses in court.

STREPS.—In the simplest and easiest way in the world.

SOC.—Tell me.

STREPS.—Yes, I will tell you. If, while the first cause is

being heard, before mine be called on, I should run away, and hang myself.

soc.—Your plan is absurd.

STREPS.—I protest by the Gods, if I were dead, no one would bring an action against me!

soc.—You talk nonsense. Begone; for I will no longer consent to teach you.

STREPS.—Why so? I beseech you by the Gods, O Socrates!

soc.—Because you straightway forget whatever you learn. What was that, for instance, in which I first instructed you? Tell me.

STREPS.—Hey! let me see what was the first. What could it be? Was it not about something with which we kneaded flour? Ah me! what was it?

soc.—Will you not pack off, with a mischief, you most forgetful and foolish old man?

STREPS.—Alas! what will become of me, a wretched man? For I shall utterly be undone, if I do not learn the expert use of my tongue. Assist me, ye Clouds, with some prudent counsel!

CHOR.—We, old man, would advise you, if you have a son grown up, to send him to take lessons in your stead.

STREPS.—I have a son, and a fine fellow he is; but he refuses to learn. What will become of me?

CHOR.—Do you permit him to have his own way?

STREPS.—Yes, for he is of vigorous body, and in the pride of life; and owes his birth to one of those high-flying dames who imitate Cæsyra. But I will go, to fetch him; and if he be not willing, there is no help for him that he be not driven from my house. In the mean time, I pray you to go in, and to wait for me a short time.

CHOR.—Do you perceive that you are soon to obtain the greatest benefits conferred by us alone of the Gods? For this man is prepared to do every thing that you desire him; and do you, perceiving the confusion of his mind, and his obvious state of excitement, fleece him to the best of your power. For sudden changes are apt to take place in matters of this sort.



STREPS.—You shall not, I swear by Vapour, any longer remain here! but go and eat the columns of Megacles<sup>1</sup>.

PHID.—Unhappy man! what is the matter with you, O father? You are not in your senses, I swear by Olympian Jupiter!

STREPS.—Look ye now how he appeals to Olympian Jupiter! What folly, at his age, to believe in the existence of Jupiter!

PHID.—Why, I pray, do you laugh at this?

STREPS.—Because I am thinking, how you are yet a boy, and yet have most obsolete notions. Approach, however, that you may be better instructed; and I will tell you a truth, by learning which you will become a man. But you must remember not to teach it to any one.

PHID.—Here I am. What is it?

STREPS.—You swore just now by Jupiter.

PHID.—I did.

STREPS.—Behold, then, how good a thing it is to learn. There is no Jupiter, O Phidippides!

PHID.—Who then?

STREPS.—Vortex reigns, after having expelled Jupiter.

PHID.—Bah! what nonsense!

STREPS.—Be assured that it is so.

PHID.—Who makes the assertion?

STREPS.—Socrates the Melian<sup>2</sup>; and Chærephon, who investigated the footsteps of fleas.

PHID.—Have you arrived at such a pitch of phrensy as to believe these madmen?

STREPS.—Do not be profane, nor utter contemptuous words against the clever and the wise, of whom no one ever forgot economy so far as to have his hair cut, or to be per-

<sup>1</sup> "Jubet filium in Megaclis ædibus, magnificis illis quidem, sed quarum dominus ad paupertatem erat redactus, cibum capere, ubi nihil sit inventuras, nisi columnas."—BERG.

<sup>2</sup> The application of this epithet to Socrates has given rise to long discussions and various opinions among the Commentators. The most plausible explanation is the following:—"Socratem Atheniensem fuisse, non autem ex insulâ Melo, constat. Vocat autem eum Melium s. Meliensem, ut unus ex Scholl. dicit, propterea, quia perinde esset atheus, ut Diagoras Melius, de quo ad Av. 1073."—BERG.

fumed, or went and washed himself in the bath; while you, as if I were already dead, are wasting all my substance in baths. But do you go as quickly as possible, and take lessons in my stead.

PHID.—What good could any one learn from them?

STREPS.—Forsooth, all manner of wisdom in the world! and you will acquire this knowledge of yourself, how ignorant and stupid you are. But wait for me here a short time<sup>1</sup>.

PHID.—Ah me! how shall I deal with my distracted father? Whether shall I bring him into court and prove his lunacy, or shall I announce his malady of mind to the undertakers?<sup>2</sup>

STREPS.—Look here. What do you take this to be? Tell me,

PHID.—Ἀλεκτρυόνα.

STREPS.—Right. And what this?

PHID.—Ἀλεκτρυόνα.

STREPS.—What! both the same? You are a ridiculous person. Avoid this mistake for the future, and call the female ἀλεκτρύαιναν, and the male ἀλέκτορα.

PHID.—Ἀλεκτρύαιναν! Are these the fine things which you have learned by resorting to these subterranean philosophers?

STREPS.—Yes, and many others; but whatever I at any time learn, I am apt straightway to forget, by reason of the number of my years.

PHID.—Is it for this reason that you have also lost your cloak?

STREPS.—No, I have not lost it; but I have expended it on the acquisition of wisdom.

PHID.—And what have you done with your shoes, you foolish man?

STREPS.—I have disposed of them, like Pericles, on proper

<sup>1</sup> "His dictis Strepsiades domum celeriter intrat, Phid. sequentia solus dicit: tum, 837, redit ille gallum et gallinam manibus tenens."—WIEL.

<sup>2</sup> "Hujus versus sensum explicat Schol. et Suid. in σοροπηγός. Ita mens juvenis est: *utrum eum ut mente captum deferam, an mortem, mox eventuram, expectem?*" ERN. "Quia pater dementit præ senectute, vult Phidippides rem indicare τοῖς σοροπηγοῖς, ut ei sandapilam concinnent, tamquam morti jam vicino." BERG.

emergencies<sup>1</sup>. But come, move, let us go; and do you obey your father, even if you should do wrong: for I know that I used to humour you, when you were a prattling little boy of six years old. With the first penny that I got for my attendance in the law-courts, I bought for you a little cart at the Diasian festival.

PHID.—You will assuredly hereafter repent of your present conduct.

STREPS.—It will all be well, if you will obey me. Hither, hither, O Socrates! come forth, for I bring to you this son of mine, having persuaded him against his will.

SOC.—That is, because he is yet young, and has not made acquaintance with these hanging baskets.

PHID.—You would make a proper acquaintance with this matter yourself, if you were hanged<sup>2</sup>.

STREPS.—A mischief take you! Do you abuse your teacher?

SOC.—Only hear how he pronounces the word *κρέμαιο*! how foolishly, and with lips wide apart, he has given it utterance! How will he ever learn the art of evading a judicial sentence, or the citation of witnesses, or empty-sounding words that win the hearers? And yet, to learn these accomplishments, Hyperbolus paid a talent.

STREPS.—Never fear; only teach him; for he has a natural genius. From his earliest years, when he was a little fellow, thus high, he was wont within doors to build houses and carve

<sup>1</sup> "Plutarchus in Pericle, p. 363: τοῦ δὲ Περικλέους ἐν τῷ τῆς στρατηγίας ἀπολογισμῷ δέκα τάλαντων ἀνάλωμα γράψαντος, ἀνηλωμένων εἰς τὸ δέον, ὁ δῆμος ἀπεδέξατο, μὴ πολυπραγμονήσας, μηδ' ἐλέγξας τὸ ἀπόρρητον. Corruptio autem Lacedæmoniorum primoribus insumpta fuerit ista pecunia."—BRUNCK.

<sup>2</sup> The meaning of this passage is disputed; and the Translator cannot flatter himself that he has got over the difficulty. Seager says: "Socrates uses *τρίβων* for 'accustomed'; Phidippides for 'an old cloak.' In *κρέμαιο* there is an allusion both to Socrates suspending himself in air on the *κρεμάλλραι*, and to the hanging up of clothes on pegs." Mitchell, following up this notion, has remarked: "The young knight, after a contemptuous look at the Socratic cloke (*τρίβων*), observes, 'If you were *suspended* yourself, *i.e.* hung upon a nail, the word *τρίβων* might be strictly applied to you: for what are you, after all?—an old cloke, and nothing better.'"

ships, and make little waggons of leather, and cut frogs out of promegranate-rinds, you cannot think how cleverly. And now be it your care that he shall learn those two methods of arguing; the better, whatever it may be; and the worse, which, by maintaining what is unjust, upsets the better: but if not both, at least the unjust method, by all means.

SOC.—He shall receive his instruction from the representatives of these arts in person.

STREPS.—I shall take my departure; but do you remember to teach him how he shall be able to refute all just arguments.

JUST.—'Come hither! and shew yourself to the spectators, audacious as you are.

UNJUST.—Get you gone, whither you please; for I am much more likely to destroy you in speaking before this assembly.

JUST.—You destroy me? Who are you?

UNJ.—*Δόγος*.

JUST.—At all events, the worse.

UNJ.—I shall overcome you, who say that you are the better.

JUST.—By the exercise of what skill?

UNJ.—By discovering new ideas.

JUST.—Such innovations flourish by the favour of these silly persons.

UNJ.—No; but by favour of the wise.

JUST.—I will destroy you miserably.

UNJ.—Tell me, by what means?

JUST.—By speaking what is just.

UNJ.—But I will upset it, by asserting the contrary; for I deny altogether that there is such a thing as justice.

<sup>1</sup> "The interlude which now ensues between these allegorical personages, contending for the possession of their pupil Phidippides, after the manner of the Choice of Hercules, forms a very curious passage in this celebrated comedy. It is in some parts very highly elevated; in others, very pointedly severe. The object of the poet is, to bring before his audience the question between past and present education, into full and fair discussion; comparing the principles of the schools then existing with the pure and moral discipline of former times."—CUMB.



JUST.—Do you deny its existence?

UNJ.—Pray, tell me where it is to be found?

JUST.—With the Gods.

UNJ.—How then, if justice existed, was Jupiter not destroyed who put his own father in chains?

JUST.—Alas! how this profanity is spreading! Bring me a basin.

UNJ.—You are dense from old age, and unfitted for these times.

JUST.—You are a debauched and shameless fellow.

UNJ.—You have spoken roses of me.

JUST.—And a buffoon.

UNJ.—You crown me with lilies.

JUST.—And a parricide.

UNJ.—You sprinkle me unconsciously with gold.

JUST.—Not so would it have been formerly; but with lead.

UNJ.—But now-a-days the terms which you have used are an honour to me.

JUST.—You are very audacious.

UNJ.—And you are very primitive.

JUST.—Being misled by you, no one of our youths is willing  
(?) to attend the public games; and you will yet be found out by the Athenians, what sort of master you are, to instruct the simple-minded.

UNJ.—You are filthily squalid.

JUST.—And you shew the signs of prosperity: and yet formerly you were wont to beg, pretending that you were the Mysian Telephus<sup>1</sup>, and eating out of a scrip sententious fragments of Pandeletus<sup>2</sup>.

UNJ.—Alas, for the wisdom which you cultivate!

JUST.—Alas, for your folly; and that of the city, that feeds in you the corrupter of her youth!

<sup>1</sup> "Euripidem Socratis amicum, studiisque philosophiæ deditum perstringit, cujus notissimum drama *Telephus*. In eo heros pannis vestibus peramque gestans inducebatur tanquam mendicus, sed sermones habebat miro artificio compositos."—BRUNCK.

<sup>2</sup> "Pandeletus erat sycophanta, et litium forensium sectator, teste Schol."—BERG.

UNJ.—You, who are a complete Saturn, shall not have the teaching of this youth.

JUST.—This task must be mine, if he is to be saved, and not merely to be taught loquacity.

UNJ.—Come hither to me, and leave this dotard to his folly.

JUST.—You shall howl, if you lay hand on him.

CHOR.—Cease from this contention and railing; and do you shew to us what were the lessons that you taught to the men of former days; and you explain the new method of instruction, in order that, having heard the rival arguments of both, he may judge to whom he will repair, as his master.

JUST.—I am willing to do so.

UNJ.—And I also am willing.

CHOR.—Who then shall speak first?

UNJ.—I will give him the precedence; and then, from the very arguments which he may adduce, I will aim at him with the shafts of new specimens of diction and turns of thought: and at last, if he shall dare to mutter, being stung, as to his whole face and both his eyes, as if by hornets, he shall be pierced to death by points of maxims.

CHOR.—Do you now both shew, relying on very ingenious words and thoughts, and maxim-moulding reflections, which of you shall appear to be superior in the contest of argument. For in this discussion there is involved a great hazard of wisdom; to vindicate which, the most strenuous efforts of my friends are required. But do you, who crowned a former generation with virtuous manners, give utterance to the voice in which you rejoice, and declare your nature.

JUST.—I will describe, in compliance with your request, how the ancient system of education was constituted, in the times when I flourished in the advocacy of justice, and temperance was held sacred as a law. In the first place, it was the rule, that no one should hear the voice of a boy uttering a syllable; and next, that the youths, collected from the same neighbourhood, should march through the public ways to the sound of the harp, in orderly procession, and naked, even though the snow fell as thick as meal. Then their master would teach them, not sitting with closed legs, to learn a

song, such as that which begins with Παλλάδα περσέπολιν δεινὰν, or τηλέπορόν τι βόαμα, raising the strains of severe harmony which our fathers bequeathed to us. But if any one of the scholars should play the buffoon, or quaver some modulation, like those difficult inflections, in the manner of Phrynus<sup>1</sup>, which our present singers attempt, he was punished with many blows, as one who sought to banish the Muses. Nor were they permitted at supper to take the heads of radishes, nor to snatch before their seniors dill or parsley; nor to feed on fish; nor to be pampered with thrushes; nor to sit with their legs crossed.

UNJ.—A most primitive tuition, truly! old as the institution of the Dipolia; and redolent of grasshoppers, and of the times of Cecydes<sup>2</sup>, and of the Bouphonian festival!

JUR.—And yet these were the principles in which my lessons reared to manhood the victors of Marathon. But it is now part of your discipline to wrap up our youths, from their earliest years, in the himation; so that I am choked with rage, when it is their duty to dance at the Panathenæic festival, to see a fellow, holding his shield before his person, do dishonour to Minerva<sup>3</sup>. On these grounds, O youth, choose, with confidence, me, as the better representative of reason; and you will learn to hate the public assemblies, and to refrain from baths, and to treat scoffers with indignation, and to rise up from seats at the approach of old men, and to be guilty of no transgression against parents, and to do nothing else that is base, because it is your purpose to bring to perfection a model of Modesty: neither shall you rush into the chambers of dancing women, lest, while you are intent on such pursuits, being struck by an apple from

<sup>1</sup> "Phrynus of Mitylene, the scholar of Aristoclydes, is frequently alluded to by the Comic Poets for having introduced a new species of modulation in music, deviating from the simplicity of the ancient harmony. When Callias was archon, Phrynus bore away the prize for minstrelsy at the Panathenæa."—CUMB.

<sup>2</sup> An ancient dithyrambic poet.

<sup>3</sup> "Nimirum juvenes armati, qui pompam prosequebantur, erant nudi brachiis et cruribus, sago brevi induti; et antiquitus clypeis pectus tegebant, non inferiores partes, quod nunc fiebat."—WIEL.

the hand of a wanton, you should be damaged in your reputation: nor shall you contradict your father; nor, calling him Iapetus<sup>1</sup>, heap insult on the age by which your youth has been reared.

UNJ.—If you are persuaded by him, O youth, to obey these precepts, I swear by Bacchus that you will resemble the sons of Hippocrates, and men will call you a milksop.

JUST.—But, then, in the hues of health and bloom of beauty, you will pass your time in manly exercises; not chattering in the forum ungraceful absurdities, like the youths of the present day; nor bringing against an adversary some miserable, slippery, and doubtful suit: but, entering the Academy, you will run races beneath its sacred olives, crowned with the bright calamus, along with some modest compeer, amid the fragrance of the smilax, and of careless ease, and of white poplars bursting into leaf, rejoicing in the season of spring, when the plane-tree whispers to the elm. If you shall do those things which I advise, and apply your mind to them, you will ever have a full chest, a bright skin, large shoulders, a small tongue: but if you make your rule of life according to the present fashion, you will have, in the first place, a pallid complexion, small shoulders, narrow chest, large tongue, and this deceiver will persuade you to consider every thing that is base to be honourable, and every thing that is honourable to be base: and, to crown your shame, you will be possessed by all the grossness of Antimachus.

CHOR.—O votary of a lofty and most glorious wisdom, how sweet is the bloom of modesty that graces your discourse! Happy were the men who lived in these earlier days! In replying therefore, it is needful for you, who are favoured by the Muse of graceful wit, to say something new; since this man has won high applause: and it should seem that you must make use of powerful arguments against him, if you would overcome your adversary, and escape the penalty of being laughed at.

<sup>1</sup> "Ex h. l. patet, *deliros et decrepitos senes* apud Græc. olim dictos fuisse *Ἰαπέτους*, quod nimirum Iapeto nihil crederetur antiquius."—KUST.



UNJ.—I have for some time been choked at heart with impatience; and have been longing to confound all that he has said, by contradictory maxims. For I have obtained among the schoolmen the name of the “worse reason,” on this very account, that I first devised the practice of advocating what was contrary to law and justice: and this art is worth more than ten thousand pieces of money, that one should choose the worse side of the argument, and yet be victorious in the discussion. But mark, as to the discipline of which he has boasted, how I will put him out; who says, in the first place, that he will not permit you to be washed with warm water. For on what principle do you find fault with warm baths?

JUST.—Because the indulgence is most evil, and destroys the courage of a man.

UNJ.—Hold hard! for I shall have you instantly seized in a grasp from which you cannot escape. And tell me which of the sons of Jupiter you deem to have been the most gallant of men in soul, and to have endured the greatest labours?

JUST.—In my judgment, no man was ever superior to Hercules.

UNJ.—And where have you ever seen cold baths that took their name from Hercules<sup>1</sup>? And who was ever more valiant than he?

JUST.—Such are the sophistries, which, our youths chattering all day long, make the baths full, and the palaestras empty.

UNJ.—You next find fault with the time that is spent in the public assemblies: but I commend the practice; for if it had been bad, would Homer ever have represented Nestor as skilled in debate, or all the other wise men? But I return to the subject of the tongue; which he says our youths ought not to exercise, while I maintain they should. And he holds, moreover, that they should be chaste;—another very great

<sup>1</sup> “Herodotus in Polymniâ, ubi describit situm Thermopylarum: ἔστι δὲ ἐν τῇ εἰσόδῳ ταύτῃ θερμὰ λουτρά, τὰ χύτρους καλέουσι οἱ ἐπιχώριοι καὶ βωμὸς ἴδονται Ἡρακλέος ἐπ’ αὐτοῖσι. Istas thermas Herculi fesso eliciisse Minervam testatur Pisander ap. Schol.”—BERG.

evil; for have you ever seen any good accrue to any one from the practice of chastity? Speak, and prove me, by your words, to be in the wrong.

JUST.—In many instances. Peleus, for one, received a sword in reward of this virtue<sup>1</sup>.

UNJ.—A sword? A pleasant reward, truly, that the poor man received! Why Hyperbolus, by cheating in the matter of the lamps, received many a talent; but not, by Jupiter, a sword!

JUST.—Peleus, by his chastity, gained Thetis for his wife.

UNJ.—But she soon went off, and left him; for she despised his cold embraces. But you are an old dotard. For consider, O youth, how many inconveniences attach to chastity, and of how many pleasures you would be deprived—of women and gaming; of dainties, and wines, and laughter. What were life worth to you, if you were debarred from these enjoyments? Enough! I pass on to the more violent passions. You have gone astray; fallen in love; made free with your neighbour's wife; been found out. You are undone, for you are unable to speak. But if you have the benefit of my instructions, you may indulge your nature, dance, laugh, and think nothing wrong. For if you should be detected in adultery, you will maintain to the husband that you are not to blame; and quote to him the example of Jupiter, how he has been overcome by love and women; and how should you, who are a mortal, have a greater power of continence than a God?

SOC.—How now? Do you wish to take and carry off your son? or shall I teach him this art of speaking?

STREPS.—Teach him, and chastise him: and remember, that you put a good edge on him, on the one side for petty suits:

<sup>1</sup> "Peleus, having withstood the solicitations of Atalante, wife of Acastus, was rewarded for his continence, by the Gods, with a sword of celestial temper, the workmanship of Vulcan. But Atalante, having accused him to her husband, and stimulated Acastus to revenge a supposed attempt upon her honour, Peleus found himself driven to declare war against him: and to this Adicus alludes, in his retort upon Diceus." CUMB. "Acastus Peleo, cui innocenti succensebat, ense abstulerat, quo a feris dilaniaretur inermis, sed Dii ei per Mercurium miserunt alium ense, a Vulcano factum."—DIND.

but his other jaw sharpen, so as to be fit for the most important causes.

SOC.—Have no fear: you will receive him back an accomplished sophist.

PHID.—With my colour gone, I doubt not, and in a wretched state<sup>1</sup>.

CHOR.—Go now<sup>2</sup>: but I think that you will repent of your proceedings. And now we wish to speak of the benefits that the audience will derive, if they justly shew favour to this Chorus. For in the first place, if you wish to plough new land in spring, we will rain<sup>3</sup> to you first, and to others afterwards; and we will watch over your vines as they bring forth their fruits, so that they shall neither suffer from the heat nor from too violent showers. But if any mortal shall withhold due honours from us who are Goddesses, let him consider what evils of our infliction he will have to endure; neither obtaining wine, nor any other produce from his farm. For at the season when the olives and vines are putting forth their shoots, they shall be cut down; with such missiles from our slings we shall smite them. And if we see him making bricks, we will rain; and we will smash the tiles of his roof with round hailstones: and if he himself, or any one of his kindred or friends, shall at any time marry, we will rain the whole night<sup>4</sup>; so that he will probably wish that he had rather been in Egypt<sup>5</sup>, than so have erred in judgment.

<sup>1</sup> Mitchell, who follows Dindorf in assigning this speech (with the reading of ἔγωγε, instead of οἶμαι γε) to Strepsiades, thus paraphrases the passage: "Nay rather, instead of δεξιὸν, let me find him ὠχρὸν and κακοδαίμονα; in other words, the exact counterpart of Chærephon and yourself."—If this is to be the meaning of the new reading, we would rather follow Brunck, Bekker, and Hermann, in regarding the disputed line as a lamentation of Phidippides.

<sup>2</sup> "Χωρεῖτέ νυν, addressed to father and son conjointly, who now retire from the stage. The σοι is to be applied to Strepsiades, as he turns his back on the Chorus."—MITCH.

<sup>3</sup> This is a favour which our modern farmers would rather dispense with, on such an occasion.

<sup>4</sup> "Ad nocturnam sponsæ deductionem respicit."—WAKEFIELD.

<sup>5</sup> Where rain seldom falls. Perhaps Bergler is nearer the truth, in supposing the allusion to glance at the evil repute of the Egyptians.

STREPS.—The fifth, the fourth, the third, after it the second: and then, of all days that which I most fear and dread and abominate, there follows immediately the day of the old moon and the new<sup>1</sup>. For every one, to whom I happen to be indebted, declares, with an oath, that he will ruin and destroy me; though I only ask what is moderate and just: “O, my friend! do not take this money now; or give me a longer day, or forgive me the debt.” But they say that they will thus never get back their money; and they abuse me as being unjust, and say that they will take me before the judge.—Let them now go to the judge; for this is of little concern to me, if Phidippides has learned to speak with skill. But I shall soon learn, by knocking at the door of the Phrontisterium. Boy, I say! Boy, boy!

soc.—I salute Strepsiades.

STREPS.—I return your greeting. But first accept this present<sup>2</sup>; for it is proper to shew marks of respect to a teacher. *give an honor* And tell me of my son, if he has learned the art of that orator<sup>3</sup> whom you lately introduced to us.

soc.—He has learned it.

STREPS.—That is glorious, O sovereign Fraud!

soc.—So that you can now escape the penalties of whatever suit you please.

STREPS.—Even if witnesses were present when I borrowed the money?

soc.—Much more! even if a thousand were present.

STREPS.—I will shout, therefore, with loud voice: Perish all ye money-lenders, both you and your capitals, and your compound interests! for you will no longer be able to do me any evil, since such a son has been reared to me in this

<sup>1</sup> The last day of the month, to which Solon gave the name of the *ἐνὴ καὶ νέα*, as partaking of the light both of the old moon and the new. To Strepsiades it is a day of horror, as placing him in danger of legal proceedings by his creditors.

<sup>2</sup> The promised bag of meal.

<sup>3</sup> “The antecedent of *ὃν* is not *νίδον*, but *λόγον*.<sup>3</sup> Strepsiades was very anxious that his son should learn the *ἄδικος λόγος* in order to defraud his creditors. This *ἄδικος λόγος* had just before been brought on the stage as a person: to which circumstance those words, *ὃν ἀρτίως εἰσέήγαγες*, refer.”—SEAGER.



house, distinguished by a double-edged tongue, my protector, the preserver of our house, the ruin of our enemies, the healing remedy of the great misfortunes of his father. Him summon, running within, to come out to me. O son! my boy, my boy! come forth from the house! hear the voice of your father!

SOC.—Here he is.

STREPS.—O beloved, beloved!

SOC.—Take him with you, and depart.

STREPS.—O my son, my son, how delighted I am, in the first place, at beholding your complexion! For now, indeed, you look like one who would be prompt to deny and to dispute; and the national phrase obviously flourishes with you, the “What do you say<sup>1</sup>?” and the art of appearing to be injured when you commit injustice, and of suffering wrong when you inflict it: and in your countenance appears the Attic look<sup>2</sup>. Now, therefore, exert yourself to save me, as you have before ruined me.

PHID.—What is it that you fear?

STREPS.—The old day and the new.

PHID.—Is any day at the same time old and new?

STREPS.—Yes; that day on which they say that they will commence proceedings against me.

PHID.—If they commence them, they will suffer for it; for it is impossible that one day can be made into two.

STREPS.—Is this not possible?

PHID. How should it be? except it were possible for the same woman to be at once old and young.

STREPS.—Yet such is the rule of law.

PHID. I do not think that they rightly understand what the law means.

STREPS.—What does it mean?

PHID.—The ancient Solon was naturally disposed to favour the people.

<sup>1</sup> “Sensus est: *Solennè illud nostris, τί λέγεις σὺ; quod est impudenter negantium, acriter contra dicentium, profecto efflorescit, crebro a te usurpatur.*”  
ERN.

<sup>2</sup> “Notat hic *frontem perfrictam*, s. *vultum impudentem*, quo nomine Athenienses olim malè audiebant.”—KUST.

STREPS.—This surely has nothing to do <sup>so far with</sup> with the old day and the new.

PHID.—He made the citation to run for two days, for the old and the new, that the pledges of going to trial might be deposited with the new moon.

STREPS.—Why, then, did he add the old day?

PHID.—In order, O foolish man, that defendants, appearing on the first day, might of their own accord agree to a compromise; but if not, that on the morning of the new moon they might be persecuted with the greater vigour.

STREPS.—Why, then, do the magistrates not receive sureties on the day of the new moon, but on the old day and the new?

PHID.—They seem to me to act like the tasters at feasts: that they may the quicker snap up the sureties, they have made the first tasting to take place on one day.

STREPS.—Well, ye miserable men, why do you sit still there, in your stupidity; you, who are the gain of us wise men, being stones, ciphers, mere sheep, a pile of jars<sup>1</sup>? For a song of praise should be sung for me and my son, in honour of our success.—“O happy Strepsiades! how wise you are by nature! and what a son you have reared!” will my friends and countrymen say, envying me, when you shall prove victorious in arguing causes.—But I wish, in the first place, taking you into the house, to treat you to a banquet.

PASIAS.—<sup>2</sup> Is it fitting, then, that a man should abandon his own property? By no means: but it had been better, from the first, to have boldly denied him, than now to have all this trouble; since I am obliged, for the recovery of my money, to drag you here as a witness of the citation; and I shall also come to be regarded as an enemy by my townsman. But I will never, while I live, reflect disgrace on the customs of my country<sup>3</sup>, but will summon Strepsiades——

<sup>1</sup> “Rectissime Suid. in Νενημένην, ἀμφορεῖς δὲ νενησμένοι, inquit, ἀντὶ τοῦ ματαίως κέραμοι σεσωρευμένοι. νῆσαι γὰρ τὸ σωρεύσαι. Neque enim de amphoris temere, i. e. nimis impletis hic agitur, sed de congestis concervatisque temere amphoris. Numerus, inquit, estis, pecudes et inutilis supellex.”—HERM.

<sup>2</sup> The creditor, Pasias, now enters, attended by his Witness, to whom this speech is addressed.

<sup>3</sup> “Sensus est: Satiùs futurum fuisset, si tunc, quum primùm peteretur a

STREPS.—Who are you?

PAS.—For the old day and the new.

STREPS.—I call you to witness, that he has spoken of two days.—Why do you summon me?

PAS.—For the twelve minæ, which you received when you were buying the piebald horse.

STREPS.—The horse?—Do ye not hear, who all know how I detest horses?

PAS.—And, by Jupiter! you took the Gods to witness that you would return the money.

STREPS.—Yes, truly; for then my Phidippides had not learned that invincible method of arguing.

PAS.—Do you now intend, on this ground, to deny the debt?

STREPS.—If I did not, what good should I derive from the lessons?

PAS.—Are you willing to support your assertions by oath to the Gods, when I require you?

STREPS.—What Gods?

PAS.—Jupiter, Mercury, and Neptune.

STREPS.—Yes, by Jupiter! I would even give a trifle to have the pleasure of swearing.

PAS.—May it yet be your fate to suffer for this shameless conduct!

STREPS.—This man would be the better of being well rubbed with salt.

PAS.—You appear to mock me.

STREPS.—He will take six pecks.

PAS.—I swear, by great Jupiter and the other Gods, that you shall not insult me with impunity.

STREPS.—I am wonderfully pleased with your Gods; and your adjuration of Jupiter is ridiculous to the learned.

PAS.—You will assuredly, at some future time, suffer punish-

me pecunia, planè, sine ullâ verecundiâ denegâssem, quam ut nunc sufferrem molestias: nam tunc non cogerer, alterum tanquam testem citationis (*h. e.* ut testis mihi esset, Strepsiadem a me in jus esse vocatum) adducere, neque hominem popularem flagitationibus infensum mihi redderem. Enimvero non deseram morem patrium, neque infamabo illum, dubitando Strepsiadem in jus vocare. Poëta commodè acriterque notat consuetudinem Athenæ., qui in foro adsiduè litigare sueverant, idque sibi duxerant honori.”—HARL.

ment for this impiety. But please to dismiss me with an answer, whether you will pay me back my money, or not.

STREPS.—Keep quiet for a minute: I will immediately give you a distinct answer.

PAS.—What do you think he will do?

WITNESS.—I think that he will pay back.

STREPS.—Where is he, who asks me for money? Tell me, what is this?

PAS.—What is that? *Κάρδοπος*.

STREPS.—Do you, being such an ignorant person, dare to ask money from me? I would not give a penny to any one who should say *κάρδοπον* instead of *καρδόπην*.

PAS.—Do you not mean to pay me?

STREPS.—Not, as far as I know. Will you not therefore please to take yourself off, as fast as possible, from my door?

PAS.—I go: and be assured that I will commence an action, or may I no longer continue to live!

STREPS.—You will lose the costs, in addition to your twelve minæ: and yet I should be sorry that this should happen to you because you have been so simple as to mistake the gender of *κάρδοπος*.

AMYN.—Ah me! Ah me!

STREPS.—Ho! Who in the world is making this lamentation? Did the voice proceed from one of the Deities of Carcinus<sup>1</sup>?

AMYN.—What? Do you wish to know who I am?—a most miserable mortal!

STREPS.—Then please to follow your own path.

AMYN.—O harsh Fortune! O wheelbreaking destinies of my chariot! O Pallas, how you have destroyed me!

STREPS.—What evil has Tlepolemus<sup>2</sup> done to you?

<sup>1</sup> "Videtur Carcinus Tragicus in aliquâ tragœdiâ daemones vel deos aliquos ejulantes et lamentantes introduxisse. Unde comicus noster, quum Amynias fienerator lamentabilem clamorem ederet, Strepsiadem lepidè dicentem facit, *Num aliquis Carcini daemonum vocem misit?* Solet nimirum poëta noster Carcinum Tragicum passim traducere et comico aceto perfundere."—Kust.

<sup>2</sup> An allusion, now unintelligible, is made to a drama of this name, written by Xenocles, the son of Cratinus. The exclamations in the previous speech of Amynias appear, obviously, to be quotations from the Tragic Poets.



AMYN.—Do not mock me, my friend; but order your son to repay the money which he had of me, both for other reasons, and because I am now in misfortune. *on other money, senses and ass*

STREPS.—What money?

AMYN.—That which he borrowed at interest.

STREPS.—You got into misfortunes, it seems to me, at the time that you lent the money<sup>1</sup>.

AMYN.—Driving my horses, I swear by the Gods, that I fell.

STREPS.—Why do you talk nonsense, as if you had fallen from an ass<sup>2</sup>?

AMYN.—Do I talk nonsense, if I wish to recover my own money?

STREPS.—It does not seem probable that you will ever recover your senses.

AMYN.—How?

STREPS.—You appear to me to have had a concussion of the brain.

AMYN.—And you appear to me, by Hermes, as about to be summoned before the magistrates, if you do not pay me back the money.

STREPS.—Tell me now, whether do you think that Jupiter always rains fresh rain on each occasion, or that the sun again attracts from earth the same moisture?

AMYN.—I know not which; nor do I care.

STREPS.—How then are you justly entitled to receive back your money, if you know nothing of meteorological matters?

AMYN.—If you are short of cash, pay me at least back the interest of my money.

STREP.—What sort of animal is this interest?

AMYN.—What should it be, but that which ever increases by months, and by days, as time runs on?

<sup>1</sup> "Sanè igitur, tum quum filio meo pecuniam credebas, malè rem gerabas: scil. quod hæc pecunia nunquam ad te redibit."—SCHUTZ.

<sup>2</sup> "Ludit in ambiguitate; nam si scribas ἀπὸ τοῦ καταπέσων, erit *a mente delapsus*, i.e. a mente alienatus. Dicitur autem proverbialiter, ἀπ' ὄνου πεσὼν, *de imperito homine*, quasi qui nec asinis uti possit, nedum ut equis."—BERG.

STREPS.—You say well. How then? Do you consider the sea to be greater now than it used to be?

PAS.—No, by Jupiter, but the same: it is not reasonable that it should be greater.

STREPS.—And how then, wretched man, if the sea be not increased by all the rivers that flow into it, do you seek to increase your money?—Will you not take yourself off with speed, from my house? Bring me the goad.

AMYN.—I call upon you to be witnesses of his proceedings.

STREPS.—Away! why do you delay? Will you not start, my high-mettled racer?

AMYN.—Is this not insolence?

STREPS.—Will you not move quickly? I will touch you up, like a trace-horse, from behind, with the goad.—Are you off? I thought I should set you in motion; you, and your wheels, and your phaëtons<sup>1</sup>.

CHOR.—What an evil it is to set the heart upon what is base! For this old man, led by such a passion, wishes to cheat his creditors of the money which he borrowed; and the result must be, that he will this very day meet with some event which will suddenly bring evil on him and his devices, in return for the base course of action on which he has entered. For I think that he will soon find out, that which he has long been in search of, that his son has become skilled in the advocacy of those opinions which are hostile to justice, so as to overcome all with whom he may come in collision, even when he may advance the most wicked doctrines; and perhaps his father will yet wish that he were speechless.

STREPS.—Io! Io! O neighbours and kinsmen and townsmen, protect me, by all the means in your power, from being beat!—Woe is me! Unhappy man, for my head and my jaw! O wretch! do you beat your father?

PIND.—Yes, O father.

<sup>1</sup> In modern transactions of this sort, the *debtor* creditor may be well satisfied, if, instead of making the usurer take flight, flight do not take him.

STREPS.—You see that he owns that he beats me?

PHID.—By all means.

STREPS.—O wretch, and parricide, and robber!

PHID.—Repeat these terms, and add as many more as you please. Do you know that it gives me pleasure to hear many reproaches?

STREPS.—Scoundrel!

PHID.—You sprinkle me with a shower of roses.

STREPS.—Do you beat a father?

PHID.—I will prove, by Jupiter, that I beat you with justice.

STREPS.—Basest of wretches! how is it possible to beat a father with justice?

PHID.—I will demonstrate it, and will overcome you in arguing the point.

STREP.—You will overcome me in this argument?

PHID.—By much, and with ease!—Choose according to which of the two methods of arguing you wish me to proceed.

STREPS.—What methods of arguing?

PHID.—The better, or the worse?

STREPS.—I have had you taught to fine purpose, by Jupiter, to argue against that which is just, if you are now about to try to persuade me that it is just and honourable for a father to be beat by his sons!

PHID.—I think, however, that I shall persuade you; so that, when you have heard my argument, you will not say one word against it.

STREPS.—I am willing to hear what you have to say.

CHOR.—It is your part, old man, to consider how you are to get the better of this opponent; for he would not be so saucy, if he had not some grounds for his confidence. But there is certainly some cause, which enboldens him; for the daring spirit of the man shines out. But it is now fitting to tell to the Chorus from what causes the contention first arose; and do you relate to us the full particulars.

STREPS.—I will tell you truly how our war of words commenced. As we were employed in feasting, as you know, I first asked him to take a lyre, and to sing that song of

Simonides<sup>1</sup> about the shearing of the ram. But he immediately replied, that it was an old-fashioned custom to play on the lyre, or to sing over the wine-cup, like the women, when they grind dried corn<sup>2</sup>.

PHID.—And should you not then have been instantly beaten, and kicked, when you desired me to sing, as if you had been giving a feast to grasshoppers?

STREPS.—Such expressions as you now hear he then made use of within; and he asserted that Simonides was a paltry poet. It was with difficulty, indeed, but still I contrived, in the first instance, to keep my patience: next, I requested him, taking a myrtle-wreath, to recite to me some portion of Æschylus; and he immediately said: “Am I to consider Æschylus to be the first of poets; he, who is full of sound, unpolished, mouthing, rugged?” Hereupon you may imagine how my feelings were excited; but still suppressing my anger, I said: “Do you then recite some specimen, that you think to be fine, from the more modern poets.” Straight way he began chaunting a tale of incest from Euripides: on which I could no longer hold out, but immediately fell foul of him, with many reproaches and contumelies. Thence it proceeded, as may be supposed, to our bandying word for word; till at last he springs upon me, pummels me, knocks me down, chokes me, and pounds me.

PHID.—Were you not rightly served, who do not praise Euripides, the wisest of poets?

STREPS.—He the wisest! O, what shall I call you? But I refrain, lest I should again be beaten.

<sup>1</sup> “O ye, who patiently explore  
The wreck of Herculean lore!  
What rapture, could you seize  
Some Theban fragment, or unroll  
One precious, tender-hearted scroll  
Of pure Simonides!” WORDSWORTH.

In joining in this wish of the poet, we should certainly include the lost song ‘On the shearing of the ram,’ which charmed, in the olden days, the simple-minded rustics of Cicynnæ.

<sup>2</sup> “Mulieres in pistrino molentes cantu laborem failebant, erantque iis peculiare quædam cantilenæ, ἐπιμύλιοι ᾠδὰν dictæ.”—BRUNCK.



PHID.—That you should, by Jupiter; and with justice too!

STREPS.—How with justice? seeing, O shameless man! that I reared your infancy, discovering your meaning when you lisped out all your words. For if you said *Bryn*, I, knowing what you wanted, gave you to drink: and if you asked for *Mamman*, I came to you with a loaf in my hand.

CHOR.—I think that the hearts of younger hearers will beat with impatience, to learn what he will say. For if he can convince, by talk, that he was right in these actions, I would not give even a pea for the hides of old men. It is now your part, O agitator and inventor of new words, to discover some means of persuasion, so that you shall seem to say what is just.

PHID.—How pleasant it is to have to do with innovations and speculations of genius, and to be able to look down with contempt on established laws! For I, when I applied my mind only to the subject of horses, was not able to bring out three words without a mistake; but now, since he has diverted my attention from these pursuits, and I am conversant with subtle thoughts and arguments and reflections, I think that I can shew that it is just to chastise a father.

STREPS.—Persevere, I implore you by Jupiter, in your passion for horses! as it is better for me to keep up your four-in-hand, than to be demolished by beating.

PHID.—I return to that point of the conversation where you cut it short: and will first ask you this: Did you beat me when I was a boy?

STREPS.—I beat you, but with a kind intent and concern for your welfare.

PHID.—Pray tell me, is it not just that I should have the like kind intent in beating you; if, indeed, kindness and beating mean the same thing? For why should your body be inviolate to blows, and mine not, since I also was born free? Boys have to howl; and do you not think that a father should have to howl? You will say that this punishment has been established by law, as appropriate for boys: but I would reply, that old men are doubly boys. And it is the more reasonable that the old should be punished rather than the young, inasmuch as it is the less excusable for them to err.

STREPS.—But it is no-where the law that a father should suffer this indignity.

PHID.—Was it not some man who first brought forward this law, as you or I might have done, and persuaded by his words our ancestors? And why should it not be equally permitted to me, to institute, for the future, a new law, that sons should be entitled to repay the beatings of their fathers? But as many blows as we had received before the law was established, we would remit; and concede that we had been beat by them with impunity. Only consider the cocks and other animals, how they pay off their fathers; and yet, in what do they differ from us, except that they do not write decrees?

STREPS.—Why then, if you would imitate the cocks in all things, do you not make your dinner off a dunghill, and sleep on a perch?

PHID.—This is not the same thing, my friend; nor would it so appear to Socrates.

STREPS.—Do not therefore beat me; or you will one day blame yourself!

PHID.—How?

STREPS.—Since I am justly entitled to chastise you; and you to chastise your son, if you should have one.

PHID.—But if I should not have one, I shall have had all my stripes for nothing; and you will die laughing at me.

STREPS.—To me indeed, my contemporaries, he seems to say what is just; and it is my opinion that we ought to concede what is reasonable to the young: for it is but fair that we should suffer punishment, if we do not do what is right.

PHID.—Now, turn in your mind this other notion.

STREPS.—I must do as you bid me, or I shall have to pay for it.

PHID.—And yet, when you hear it, you will perhaps feel no regret at having undergone your late sufferings<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> “The young ruffian seems to speak ironically and covertly:—‘And yet the γνῶμη, which I am now about to propose for your consideration, is of such a nature, that, upon hearing it, all your late and present feelings and sufferings will go for nothing;’—implying, that they will be succeeded by feelings so much more

STREPS. How?—I should like to know what benefit you will bring to me, from them.

PHID.—I will beat my mother, in like manner as I have beaten you<sup>1</sup>.

STREPS.—What do you say? what do you say? Would you commit this other, and greater atrocity?

PHID.—How now, if, making use of the worst method of arguing, I shall overcome you, and shew that it is right to beat a mother?

STREPS.—What next? If you do this, there is nothing that can hinder you, and Socrates, and your worst method of arguing, from all going to destruction<sup>2</sup>.—These evils have come upon me, O Clouds, by your agency, since I entrusted all my affairs to your care!

CHOR.—You are yourself the cause of your misfortunes, having betaken yourself to evil courses.

STREPS.—Why did you not give me this admonition before; but urged on<sup>3</sup> to folly, me, a simple rustic and old man?

CHOR.—It is ever our rule, when we see any one set his affections on wicked pursuits, to deal with him in this manner, until we plunge him into ruin; so that he may learn to reverence the Gods.

STREPS.—Ah me! it is a hard sentence, O Clouds! but it is just; for I ought not to have attempted to keep by fraud the money which I had borrowed.—But now, come, my dearest son, and help me to destroy the accursed Chærephon, and Socrates, who have deceived both you and me.

more painful, that the former will, comparatively, vanish from his mind. Strepsiades, catching only at the open, and not at the covert sense, naturally expresses himself as impatient for any information which is to be of benefit to him in his present condition."—MITCH.

<sup>1</sup> "Ad ista adolescentis, τὴν μητέρα—τυπτήσω, faceta est Annæ Fabri observatio: *Cela est plaisant. Il y a aujourd'hui bien des maris, qui se consoleroient d'être battus, si leurs femmes étoient battues.*"—BRUNCK.

<sup>2</sup> "ἐμβαλεῖν ἐς τὸ βάραθρον. Eqq. 1356. ἄρας μετέωρον ἐς τὸ βάραθρον ἐμβαλῶ. V. ad Plut. 431. Significat autem in perniciem."—BERG.

<sup>3</sup> "ἐπήρατε, impulistis, spe implevistis: metaphora sumta a vento, qui ἐπαίρει τὰ ἱστία, vela implet, navemque promovet."—HARL.

PHID.—I cannot consent to do any injury to my masters.

STREPS.—I implore you to reverence Jupiter Patrius.

PHID.—Hear him, with his “Jupiter Patrius”! What an old simpleton you are! Is there any Jupiter?

STREPS.—There is.

PHID.—There certainly is not; for Vortex reigns, having expelled Jupiter.

STREPS.—He has not expelled him; but I was led to think so, through this Vortex here. Unhappy man that I am, who took you, an image of clay<sup>1</sup>, for a God!

PHID.—In this matter you are beside yourself, and talk nonsense.

STREPS.—Woe is me for my folly! How truly mad I was, when I rejected even the Gods, through the persuasion of Socrates! But do not, O dear Hermes, bear wrath against me, nor destroy me; but, forgive me, who have been led into folly by idle words: and counsel me, whether I shall prosecute them by public suit, or in what other way that you approve!—<sup>2</sup>You advise me rightly, when you command me not to institute a suit, but to burn down, without delay, the house of these empty praters.—Come forth, O Xanthias, and haste to bring hither a ladder and pickaxe, and, mounting upon the Phrontisterium, demolish the roof, if you love your master, until you tumble the house about their ears! But let some one bring me a lighted torch; for I will make some of them smart this day, even though they be so boasting and so bold.

1st DISC.—Io! Io!

STREPS.—It is your business, O torch, to send forth a powerful flame.

1st DISC.—Mortal, what are you doing?

STREPS.—What am I doing! what else, than entering into a searching discussion with the beams of your house.

<sup>1</sup> “*ἄνθρωπος*, in scholâ Socratis positus, fingitur [tamquam statua τοῦ Διός; ut intelligitur ex Scholl. ad hunc et proxime antecedentem locum.”—DIND.

<sup>2</sup> “Hic intelligendus est Strepsiades aliquamdiu silere, et cogitabundus stare; deinde, velut admonitu Mercurii, corrigere se, et aliam insistere viam consilii.”



2d DISC.—Ah me ! who is setting fire to our house ?

STREPS.—The man whose cloak you have stolen.

2d DISC.—You will destroy us ! you will destroy us !

STREPS.—That is the very thing I wish, if the pickaxe do not betray my hopes, or I first happen to fall from the roof and break my neck.

SOC.—Ho you ! what are you about there on the roof ?

STREPS.—I expatiate in air, and contemplate the sun.

SOC.—Woe is me, unhappy ! I, wretched man, shall be suffocated !

CHOR.—And I, miserable man, shall be burnt to death !

STREPS.—Why have you then been so presumptuous, as to despise the Gods, and seek to discover the seat of the moon ? Drive, strike, and smite them, for many other reasons ; and for this most of all, that you know how they have sinned against the Gods !

CHOR.—Lead the way out : for sufficiently, for this day, have the Chorus performed their part.

PEACE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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TWO SERVANTS OF TRYGÆUS.

TRYGÆUS.

DAUGHTERS OF TRYGÆUS.

MERCURY.

WAR.

TUMULT.

CHORUS.

HIEROCLES.

SICKLE-MAKER.

CREST-MAKER.

BREASTPLATE-MAKER.

TRUMPETER.

HELMET-MAKER.

SPEAR-MAKER.

SON OF LAMACHUS.

SON OF CLEONYMUS.

## ARGUMENT.

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Trygæus, a rustic patriot, is deeply indignant at the continuance of the Peloponnesian war, and resolves to ascend to Heaven for the purpose of remonstrating with Jupiter on the evils which he has been inflicting on the Grecian cities. He accomplishes his aërial voyage on the back of a gigantic beetle, which he has fed and trained for this excursion; but finds no access to the God, to whom he had come to prefer his complaints. His benevolent enterprise is not, however, destined to be fruitless; for, having learned, from Mercury, that the goddess, Peace, has been shut up in a dungeon, he contrives to extricate her from her imprisonment, and descends with her in triumphal state to earth.—The Play concludes with the restoration of the Goddess to her ancient honours, the festivities of the rural population, and the nuptials of Trygæus, who is but poorly rewarded for his adventurous flight by receiving the hand of a certain nymph of equivocal reputation.





## P E A C E.

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FIRST SERVANT.

[1—14

BRING, bring as quickly as possible, a cake to the beetle.

2D SERVANT.—Here it is.

1ST SERV.—Give it to the accursed brute.

2D SERV.—May he<sup>1</sup> never eat a sweeter cake than this!

1ST SERV.—Give him another cake baked of asses' dung.

2D SERV.—Behold, I give him another.

1ST SERV.—But what has become of that one which you brought just now? surely he has not devoured it?

2D SERV.—Yes, by Jupiter, but he has! for, clutching it, and rolling it up with his feet, he bolted it at a mouthful.

1ST SERV.—Knead for him, then, as quickly as possible, many and thick ones.

2D SERV.—Ye men, whose delight is in dung<sup>2</sup>, help me, I entreat you by the Gods, if you do not wish to see me suffocated!

1ST SERV.—Give him another.

2D SERV.—There.—Of one evil indeed, my friends, I hope I am free, in this task; for no one will accuse me of eating the food that I prepare.

<sup>1</sup> “Jussus alter ab altero vernula stercus adferre scarabæo, quod ille *μᾶζαν* facete appellat, officium istud hic execratus priori ait: *Utinam tu nunquam suaviorem hac mazam comedas!* Perierat lepos omnis prava scriptura *φάγοι* pro *φάγοις*. Frequentissimus hic librariorum error est, maximè in versuum fine.”

BRUNCK.—The reading proposed by this learned editor improves the sense of the passage, but it is unfortunately unsupported by any authority.

<sup>2</sup> “Videtur, inquit Glossographus Græcus, hæc oratio respicere rhetores, quòs ut sordidos et spurcidicos notat, aut cooperarios conservos advocare in auxilium.”—FL. CHR.

1ST SERV.—Bah! Bring another, and another, and another; and still knead fresh ones.

2D SERV.—No, by Apollo, I will not! for I am no longer able to stand the stench. I will therefore take and carry off these unsavoury materials<sup>1</sup>.

1ST SERV.—Take them, by Jupiter, to the dogs; and yourself with them.

2D SERV.—If any of you know, I pray you to tell me where I can purchase an unperforated nose; for no task can be more wretched than, kneading his cakes, to feed a beetle. A dog or a pig, indeed, will snap up filth without ceremony; but this fellow is dainty through pride, and does not condescend to eat, unless, having pounded at his food the whole day, one place it before him, as if he were a lady, kneaded into a round shape<sup>2</sup>. But I will look if he has left off eating; thus slightly opening the door, that he may not see me. Hold at it! do not leave off eating till you burst unawares. See how the monster, bending down, keeps eating, like a wrestler, making play with his jaw-teeth, and throwing about his head and his arms like men when they are twisting thick cables for merchant vessels<sup>3</sup>. It is an abominable animal, and stinking and voracious. I know not of what deity it is the peculiar care;—not of Venus I should think, nor yet of the Graces.

1ST SERV.—Of whom, then?

2D SERV.—It cannot be but that this is the portent of Jupiter descending with thunder<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> “Ipsam igitur sentinam s. mactram (cum alimentis jam paratis scarabæo) correptam auferam.”—DIND.

<sup>2</sup> “Apparet mulieres esitare solitas offas rotundas, ut etiam Schol. dicit.” BERG.—The comparison, we suspect, applies more to the airs of the beetle than to the shape of the food.

<sup>3</sup> “Sensus: ita caput et manus (pro pedibus, quibus pilulas stercoreas volvit) manducando scarabæus circumagit, ut, qui crassos funes in usum navium onerariarum contorquent. *χρῆμα* mox scarabæus iste dicitur, ut Lat. res.”—DIND.

<sup>4</sup> “Sane ludit poëta in voce *καταιβαίτου*, propter scarabæum, qui infimis fœcis et spurcis oletis vescitur.” FL. CHR.—We prefer this hint at the meaning of the allusion, to the more laboured explanations of Brunck and Dindorf.

1ST SERV.—Will not, then, some one of the spectators, some youth that thinks himself wise, now remark, “What means this incident? Why is the beetle introduced?” Upon which, some Ionian, who sits beside him, will reply: “In my opinion, it is a hit at Cleon; for the beetle<sup>1</sup>, after his shameless fashion, eats dirt.”—But I must go within, and give the beetle to drink.

2D SERV.—But I will tell the reason to boys and youths and men, and to men of highest experience, and to those who even surpass the latter in years. My master is mad after a new fashion: not as you are mad, but in another and quite novel way. For, looking up to heaven through the whole day, he thus, with open mouth, reviles Jupiter, and says, “O Jupiter, what is this that you are intending to do? Lay aside the besom of destruction. Do not sweep Greece!”

TRYGÆUS.—Ho! ho!

2D SERV.—Keep silence; for I think that I hear his voice.

TRYG.—O Jupiter, what do you mean to do to our people? You will have destroyed, before you are aware, the vigour of our cities.

1ST SERV.—Here is an instance of the complaint of which I spoke; for you hear the evidence of his folly. But what he said at first, when the phrensy began, you shall learn; for he thus spoke to himself, in this place:—“How shall I be able to proceed direct to the presence of Jupiter?” Thereupon, constructing slim ladders, he endeavoured to scramble, by their help, to the sky, till he fell back and broke his head. After this failure, going out yesterday I know not whither, he brought into the house a huge Ætnean<sup>2</sup> beetle; and, next, forced me to attend it as groom. He himself, stroking it down like a colt, says: “O my little Pegasus! my noble winged steed! take me on your back, and fly straight to the presence of Jupiter.”—But I will now, peeping through this

<sup>1</sup> “Pro vulg. ἐσθίει neque ἥσθιεν reponere cum Brunck., neque ἔσθιεν cum Palmer, sustinuerim. Fefellit bonos viros, quòd hæc de Cleone intelligerent, cum de scarabæo sint accipienda. Cleonem dicens perspicuitatis causa non κείνος, sed usurpasset οὗτος Comicus.”—НОТІВ.

<sup>2</sup> Αἰτναῖον. ὑπερμεγέθη. μέγιστον γὰρ ὄρος ἡ Αἴτνη.—SCHOL.



opening, observe what he is about. Ah me! unhappy man that I am! Hither, hither haste, O neighbours; for my master is mounting aloft into the air, bestriding the beetle like a horse.

TRYG.—Softly, softly, gently, O beetle! Do not, trusting in your strength, start at first with too great impetuosity, until you have had a sweat, and have relaxed the fibres of your joints by the powerful sweep of your wings. And do not breathe upon me with offensive blasts, I beseech you: for if you mean to do so, you had better remain here in my house.

2D SERV.—O king and master! how mad you are?

TRYG.—Silence! silence!

2D SERV.—Whither, I pray, do you direct your foolish voyage through the air?

TRYG.—I wing my flight in behalf of all the Greeks, having devised a novel and daring exploit.

2D SERV.—Why do you fly? Why are you so absurdly dis-tempered in mind?

TRYG.—It behoves you to be reverent in your expressions, and not to mutter nor shout forth words of evil omen; and command men to keep silence, and to build up with new bricks all dunghills and lay-stalls<sup>1</sup>.

2D SERV.—It is impossible that I should keep silence, if you do not tell me whither you are intending to fly.

TRYG.—To what other place should I fly, than to visit Jupiter, in heaven?

2D SERV.—With what intent?

TRYG.—For the purpose of asking him what he designs to do respecting all the Greeks.

2D SERV.—But if he refuse to inform you?

TRYG.—I will have him indicted<sup>2</sup> for betraying Greece to the Medes.

2D SERV.—Never, by Bacchus, as long as I live!

<sup>1</sup> Lest the beetle should be lured back to earth by the smell of his favourite food.

<sup>2</sup> “Notantur Athenienses, ut φιλόδοικοι, si nec Jupiter est securus.”—BERG.

TRYG.—This matter cannot be otherwise.

2D SERV.—Io ! Io ! Io ! O damsels, your father is secretly taking his departure for heaven, and leaving you deserted ! Make entreaty to your father, you unhappy daughters !

DAUGHT.—O father, father ! is it a true report that has reached our abodes, that you, forsaking me by winged help, are going, without a cause, to the crows<sup>1</sup> ? Is aught of this rumour true ? Tell me, O father, if you love me.

TRYG.—Your suspicions are not groundless, young ladies ; for the truth is, that I am annoyed by you, when you ask me for bread, calling me Papa, and there is not a single grain of silver in the house. But if I shall return after having succeeded in my objects, you shall always have in due season a large lump of bread ; and a box on the ear, as a relish with it<sup>2</sup>.

DAUGHT.—What means of conveyance shall you have for the way ? for a ship cannot transport you on such a voyage.

TRYG.—The winged colt will convey me. I shall embark in no ship.

DAUGHT.—But what is your notion, O father, that having put a beetle in harness, you are proceeding to visit the Gods ?

TRYG.—It has been found in the fables of Æsop, that this is the only winged creature that has reached the abodes of the Gods.

DAUGHT.—O father, father, you tell us an incredible story, that an animal with such an unpleasant smell should be admitted into the presence of Gods.

TRYG.—It made its way there on account of an old grudge that it had against the eagle, whose eggs it sought to roll out, and to take vengeance for injuries<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> “ *Ἦς ἐς κόρακας comicè dixit, quia hoc est, in malam rem.*”—DIND.

<sup>2</sup> “ *Sensus est: non absque ratione suspicamini de discessu ad Jovem meo. Revera enim tristitia vehementi angor, quoties petitis a me patre vestro panem et nulla interim est argenti gutta domi nostræ. Quodsi rebus benè gestis revertero, habebitis in tempore panem quoque grandem et insuper colaphum pro opsonio. Ludit autem ad vulgarium dictum: εἰ δ' οἶνον αἰτεῖ, κόνδυλον αὐτῷ δός, scilicet, ut ne assuescant pueri superfluis petendis.*”—FLOR. CHR.

<sup>3</sup> “ *De hoc apologo satis multa Erasmus in Scarabæus aquilam quærit.*”—BERG

DAUGHT.—Would it not have been more becoming for you to have put the winged Pegasus into harness, in order that you might appear to the Gods more like a hero of tragedy<sup>1</sup>?

TRYG.—In this case, you foolish child, I should have required a double stock of provisions.

DAUGHT.—But what will happen, if you should fall into the watery depths of the sea? How will a winged creature be able to extricate itself from their dangers? And what harbour will receive you, as you drift with the waves?

TRYG.—There is, forsooth, in the Piræus, the harbour of Cantharus.

DAUGHT.—Take especial care, lest, losing your seat, you there tumble down; and then, being crippled, should furnish a subject for Euripides, and be turned into a tragedy.

TRYG.—I will take care against such accidents. But farewell<sup>2</sup>!—And now start, my Pegasus, and proceed rejoicing, shaking till they ring the golden bits of your bridle, as you point your ears.—I appear to be getting into the neighbourhood of the Gods; and indeed I can now discern the house of Jupiter. Who is in waiting at the gates of Jupiter? Will you not open?

MERCURY.—Whence has the voice of a mortal reached me? O king Hercules, what pest is this?

TRYG.—Hippocantharus.

MERC.—O impure and audacious and shameless man! impure, and altogether impure, and most impure! how have you come hither, most impure of impure<sup>3</sup>? What is your name? Will you not speak?

TRYG.—Most impure.

MERC.—Whence is your lineage? declare it to me.

<sup>1</sup> "Tragœdiis enim materia fuit Pegasus, quo vecti sunt Perseus, de quo Euripides in Andromedâ dixerat; et Bellerophon, de quo in cognomini dramatico, quo hic præcipue respicit."—BERG.

<sup>2</sup> "His dictis dimittit pater filias, quæ e scenâ abeunt. Tum Trygæus ad spectatores se convertit, eosque jubet, non linguis, sed aliâ corporis parte favere."—DIND.

<sup>3</sup> The God of Eloquence seems to have been singularly at a loss, on this occasion, for choice of expressions.

TRYG.—Most impure,

MERC.—Who is your father?

TRYG.—My father? Most impure.

MERC.—I swear by the Earth, that you cannot escape destruction, if you do not tell me what is your name.

TRYG.—I am Trygæus, an Athmonean, a skilful dresser of vines, no sycophant, or lover of law-suits.

MERC.—But why have you come?

TRYG.—To bring you these meats.

MERC.—And how, poor man<sup>1</sup>, have you come?

TRYG.—O belly-god, you see that I no longer appear to you to be most impure. Go now, and call Jupiter to me.

MERC.—Alas! alas! alas, that you are not now likely to approach the Gods! For they disappeared yesterday, leaving these abodes.

TRYG.—Where on Earth are they?

MERC.—How can you talk of Earth<sup>2</sup>?

TRYG.—Where then?

MERC.—Very far remote, absolutely within the innermost recess of Heaven.

TRYG.—And how have you happened to have been left here alone?

MERC.—I take care of the household utensils of the Gods, that have been left behind them; their pipkins, and tables, and pitchers.

TRYG.—For what reason have the Gods changed their residence?

MERC.—Because they are angry with the Greeks; and in this very place which they inhabited, they have established War; delivering you up to him, to be treated exactly as he pleases: while they themselves have gone to dwell in the highest regions of Heaven, that they may no longer see your battles, nor hear the sound of your supplications.

TRYG.—Why have they acted thus towards us? Tell me.

MERC.—Because you have chosen to continue at war, when

<sup>1</sup> “ὦ δειλακρίων! Blanda miserentis compellatio. v. ad Av. 143.”—BRUNCK.

<sup>2</sup> “Reprehendit eum, qui dixerat γῆς, cum esset in cælo.”—BERG.



they have often effected its cessation. If the Lacedæmonians at any time gained a small advantage, thus was their speech: "We swear by the twin Gods, that now shall the Athenian suffer punishment!" If, on the other hand, the Athenians had obtained success, and the Lacedæmonians came to treat about a peace<sup>1</sup>, you immediately said: "We are taken in, we swear by Minerva and Jupiter! we must not listen to them. They will come again, if we retain Pylus."

TRYG.—This was, in truth, the genuine character of our speeches.

MERC.—In return for which, I know not if you will ever see Peace again.

TRYG.—Where is she gone?

MERC.—War has cast her into a deep cave.

TRYG.—Into what sort of cave?

MERC.—Into that below. And then you see what a pile of stones he has placed over her, in order that you may never be able to get her out.

TRYG.—Tell me what is he intending to do to us?

MERC.—I know not; except this one fact, that in the evening he brought in a mortar of a tremendous size.

TRYG.—What use will he make of this mortar?

MERC.—He intends to pound your cities in it. But I go: for I think that he is about to come forth. He is making a disturbance, at least, within.

TRYG.—Ah me, unhappy man that I am! Come, let me fly from him; for I thought that I also heard the sound of the mortar of war.

WAR.—O mortals, mortals, much-enduring mortals, how soon you are about to suffer a severe pain in your jaws<sup>2</sup>!

TRYG.—O king Apollo, what a huge mortar! What an evil is the very aspect of War! Is this he from whom we fly, the terrible, the indomitable, he there with the legs<sup>3</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> "Ex his verbis colligitur, hoc drama prodiisse post legationem Lacedæmoniorum super captivorum liberatione ab Athenis refutatam."—PALMER.

<sup>2</sup> ἢ τριβόμενοι ἐν τῇ θυνείᾳ, ἢ τὸν μυττωτὸν ἐσθίοντες, ὃν τρίβειν παρασκευάζεται ὁ Πόλεμος.—SCHOL.

<sup>3</sup> ὁ κατὰ τοῖν σκελεῖν. Supplendum videtur ἐστὼς, βεβηκὼς, vel simile quid."

WAR.—O Prasiæ! thrice wretched, nay, five times, and many times ten, how you will perish this day!

TRYG.—This business, my friends, is none of ours; for this misfortune is on the side of Lacedæmon.

WAR.—O Megara! Megara! how you will immediately be pounded, and wholly ground down!

TRYG.—Alas! alas! what great and bitter woes he has flung in for the Megareans!

WAR.—O Sicily! how you, too, will be destroyed! How that wretched state is worn away!<sup>1</sup> Come, let me also pour in this Attic honey.

TRYG.—Ho you! I advise you to use some other honey. This cost four obols: be sparing of the Attic.

WAR.—Boy! my boy Tumult!

TUMULT.—Why do you call me?

WAR.—You shall suffer severely. Do you stand idle? Here is a taste of my fist.

TUM.—How bitter it smacks, I feel to my sorrow! O master, have you put garlic in your fist?<sup>2</sup>

WAR.—Run, and bring me a pestle.

TUM.—We have not got one, my good master. It was but yesterday that we moved here.

WAR.—Will you not then run quickly, and bring me one from the Athenians?

TUM.—I must do so, by Jupiter; for if I refuse, I shall suffer for it.

TRYG.—Come now; what shall we do? O wretched mortals! you see how great is our danger. For if he shall come,

quid." BRUNCK.—Scilicet *ἰέμενος*, qui ad affligenda, confringenda crura tendit." REISK.—Neither of these explanations is satisfactory. The description had possibly some reference to the personal appearance of the actor on the stage.

<sup>1</sup> "Hæc intelligi debent de Leontinorum civitate, quæ a Syracusanis malè affecta est, ad quam miserunt copias auxiliares Athenienses anno v. ejusdem belli, quod ait Thucyd. lib. iii. [c. 86.], ne quis poetam loqui putet de clade ad Syracusas accepta multis postea annis."—PALMER.

<sup>2</sup> "In moretum allia immisceri solebant. Pugno percussus famulus hierum facete percontatur, num moreto destinata allia in pugnum indideret."—BRUNCK.

bringing the pestle, with that sitting down to the task, he will pound the cities. But may he perish, O Bacchus, and not come, bringing it!

WAR.—Ho you!

TUM.—What is it?

WAR.—Do you not bring it?

TUM.—No; for, sad to say, the Athenians have lost their pestle, the tanner who stirred up confusion in Greece.

TRYG.—It is well, O Minerva, our venerated mistress, that he has perished! and the event has happened opportunely for our city, before that he had poured in the condiment for us.

WAR.—Will you not then haste to bring another from Lacedæmon?

TUM.—I obey you, O master!

WAR.—Return, then, quickly.

TRYG.—O men! what will happen to us? Now the danger is great. But if any one of you happen to be initiated in the Samothracian mysteries, now is a fair occasion to pray that the feet of the messenger may be put out of joint.

TUM.—Alas! unhappy that I am! Alas! and still more alas!

WAR.—What is this? Have you again come without it?

TUM.—Yes; for the Lacedæmonians have also lost their pestle.

WAR.—How? O villain!

TUM.—Having lent it to their neighbours, to make use of against certain places in Thrace, they have in the end lost it<sup>1</sup>.

TRYG.—In that they have done well, O twin sons of Jupiter! All may yet haply turn out well. Cheer up, O mortals!

WAR.—Take away, and carry back these vessels; but I, going within, will make a pestle.

TRYG.—There is now, O men of Greece, a favourable opportunity for us, while we are free from troubles and battles, to bring forth from her imprisonment, Peace, beloved by all, before any other pestle again prevent us. Then, O ye

<sup>1</sup> “Brasidam innuit, qui periit ad Amphipolim in eodem prælio quo Cleon occisus fuit. Vid. Thucyd. lib. v. c. 10.”—BRUNCK.

husbandmen, and merchants, and artificers, and-labourers, and foreign residents, and strangers, and islanders, come hither, O people of every sort, bringing with you, as quickly as possible, spades and levers and ropes! for it is now permitted to us to snatch an occasion of favouring fortune.

CHOR.—Hither haste, every one with ready zeal, to the aid! O Greeks of every tribe, let us now, if ever, lend our aid, being free from service in the ranks of war, and from the horrors of bloodshed! for this day the aversion of Lamachus has at length shone forth. Direct us, therefore, if there be aught to be done, and act as our master of works! for I do not think that I shall faint in my exertions this day, till, with levers and engines, we bring forth to light the greatest of all Goddesses, and the most friendly to the vine.

TRYG.—Will you not be quiet? lest, in your excess of joy on this occasion, you should again, by your clamours, cause War to come forth.

CHOR.—We have been rejoiced at hearing the summons which you have issued; for it was not that we should repair to the camp having provisions for three days.

TRYG.—Be on your guard now against that Cerberus<sup>1</sup> below; lest, storming and raging, as when he was here, he should prove an obstacle to the liberation of the Goddess.

CHOR.—It is impossible that any one should now force her away, if she shall once come into my hands.

TRYG.—Alas! alas! you will be my ruin, O men, if you do not leave off your shouting! for he, running out, will upset all these things with his feet.

CHOR.—Let him confound, and trample down, and disturb every thing! for we cannot cease from rejoicing on this day.

TRYG.—What the mischief! What is the matter with you, O men? Do not, I entreat you, by the Gods, mar a most glorious undertaking, by your capers!

<sup>1</sup> "Belli personam ita describit." BERG.—Imo h. l. Cleon intelligendus est, qui quoniam jam erat mortuus, ὁ κάτωθεν Κέρβερος appellatur." DIND.—The interpretation of Bergler is to be preferred; as the speech of Trygæus a few lines below obviously refers to War as the object of his terrors.



CHOR.—I have no wish to cut capers; but from the influence of joy, without my impulse, my legs are dancing of their own accord.

TRYG.—No more at present; but cease, O cease from dancing!

CHOR.—You see that I have ceased.

TRYG.—You say so indeed, but you still go on.

CHOR.—Suffer me but to dance this one measure, and I ask no more.

TRYG.—This one I permit: but do not, I pray you, dance another.

CHOR.—We would not dance, if it would at all oblige you.

TRYG.—But see, you have not yet left off!

CHOR.—I will leave off, by Jupiter, after having given this right leg one fling.

TRYG.—I yield this wish to you, on condition that you no longer offend.

CHOR.—But it is necessary that the left leg should also have a turn: for I am more rejoiced and delighted in my escape from the shield, than if I had cast the slough of old age.

TRYG.—Do not yet give vent to your joy; for you do not certainly know the result. But when we have got her, then rejoice, and shout, and laugh; for then it will be permitted to you to take voyages, or to stay at home, to sleep, to frequent the public games, to feast, to play at the Cottabus, to indulge in luxuries, to shout Iou! Iou!

CHOR.—May it yet be my fortune to see that day! For I have endured many hardships and wretched couches, such as fell to the lot of Phormio<sup>1</sup>. And you would no longer find me a severe or irritable judge, nor of a harsh disposition, as formerly; but you would see me amiable, and with my youth renewed, if I were freed from these grievances. For we have been wasted and destroyed for a sufficient length of time, wandering into the Lyceum<sup>2</sup> and out of the Lyceum,

<sup>1</sup> "Phormio, celebris dux. Dicit autem huic *στράτας* sortitò obtigisse, quia cubili uteretur, quasi solent milites, duro et vili."—BERG.

<sup>2</sup> "Lyceum erat gymnasium Athenis, ubi, antequam irent in bellum, exercebantur."—BERG.

with spear and with shield. But haste to tell us what we can do, that will most please you; for some good fortune has chosen you as our leader.

TRYG.—Come, let me see in which direction we shall pull away the stones.

MERC.—O impure and audacious man! what are you designing to do?

TRYG.—Nothing bad; but the same thing that Cillicon<sup>1</sup> did?

MERC.—You are doomed to destruction, O wretched mortal!

TRYG.—Yes, if it is to be settled by lot; for you, being Mercury, would, I know, make it fall to my turn.

MERC.—You must perish, and be destroyed.

TRYG.—On what day?

MERC.—At this very moment.

TRYG.—But I have not yet made any purchases, neither of flour nor cheese, as if I were about to be destroyed.

MERC.—Do you not know that Jupiter denounced death to him who should be discovered digging out this prisoner?

TRYG.—Is there any absolute necessity that I should now die?

MERC.—Be assured that there is.

TRYG.—Lend me then three drachmæ, to buy a pig; for it is right that I should be initiated<sup>2</sup> before I die.

MERC.—O Jupiter, the Thunderer!

TRYG.—Do not, master, inform against us, I beseech you by the Gods!

MERC.—It is impossible for me to remain silent.

TRYG.—I beseech you by the meats<sup>3</sup> which I came bringing to you with such good will!

MERC.—But, O unhappy man! I shall be annihilated by

<sup>1</sup> τὴν νῆσον Μίλιτον τοῦτόν φασι προδεδωκέναι τοῖς Πριηνέσιν.—SCHOL.

<sup>2</sup> "Credebant enim melius post mortem sibi futurum, si in vitâ Cereris mysteriis initiati fuissent."—BRUNCK.

<sup>3</sup> "πρὸς τῶν κρεῶν. Joculariter et convenienter risui excitando: cùm enim modò dixerit πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, neque quicquam hâc obsecratione profecisset, addidit majorem cum allusione πρὸς τῶν κρεῶν, ut nidore carniû munerumque oblatione delectari Mercurium speremus potius quam obtestatione deorum."—FL. CHR.

Jupiter, if I do not proclaim your proceedings, and loudly shout.

TRYG.—Do not now shout, I beseech you, my dear Mercury! Tell me, O men, what is the matter with you? You stand confounded. O wretches! do not be silent; for if you do not interpose, he will shout.

CHOR.—Do not, O Mercury, our lord, do not, do not shout, if you ever remember to have ate with pleasure a pig that I had offered; and do not deem lightly of such merit in these circumstances.

TRYG.—Do you not hear, O king and master, how they flatter you?

CHOR.—Do not be averse to our prayers, so that we should fail to rescue this Goddess; but gratify us, O most benignant and bountiful of Gods! if you abhor the crests and eyebrows of Pisander. And we will ever, O master, with holy sacrifices and splendid processions, pay honour to your name.

TRYG.—Hear, I beseech you, and pity their cries! since they now pay greater honours to you than they were wont.

MERC.—Because they are now greater thieves than they used to be<sup>1</sup>.

TRYG.—And I will tell you of a terrible and important design which is plotted against all the Gods.

MERC.—Come, then, tell it to me; for you may thus, perchance, prevail upon me.

TRYG.—You must know, that the Moon and the crafty Sun have been making plots against you for a long time, and are betraying Greece to the barbarians.

MERC.—Why do they so?

TRYG.—Because, by Jupiter, we sacrifice to you, and the barbarians sacrifice to them<sup>2</sup>. On this account, they reasonably wish that you were all destroyed, in order that they alone of Gods might receive the sacred offerings.

MERC.—It is for this reason that they have for some time

<sup>1</sup> "Fures venerari deum furum par est."—BERG.

<sup>2</sup> "The Persians spared Delos and Ephesus, in their wars with the Greeks, on account of the honours which were there paid to their favourite deities.

been subtracting from the days, and have diminished the orbits of the courses of their chariots<sup>1</sup>.

TRYG.—Yes, by Jupiter! Do you therefore, O dear Mercury, assist us with a willing mind, and aid us in bringing forth this Goddess: and we will celebrate, in honour of you, the great Panathanæan festival, and all the other sacred rites of the Gods, even the feasts of Jupiter and of Adonis, as mysteries of Mercury: and the other cities, which are relieved from the miseries of war, will sacrifice to you everywhere, as Mercury the averter of evil: and you will obtain many other benefits in addition. But I wish, in the first place, to present you with this gift, that you may have a cup for your libations.

MERC.—Ah me! how merciful I ever feel at the sight of golden cups! The work is henceforth, O men, in your power. Going in, therefore, remove the stones with your spades as quickly as possible.

CHOR.—This we will do: but do you, O wisest of the Gods, standing by, dictate to us, as a taskmaster, what we ought to do; and you will not find us slow to execute your commands.

TRYG.—Come, do you quickly raise the goblet on high, that we may pour libations for our work, having made prayer to the Gods.

MERC.—The libation is poured: be reverent in your words.

TRYG.—As we pour the libation, we pray that this day may be the beginning to the Greeks of many and great blessings, and that whosoever lends a willing hand to the rope may never have again to lift the shield.

CHOR.—No, by Jupiter! but that I may pass my life in peace, having my mistress by my side, and a charcoal fire to stir.

TRYG.—But whosoever wishes that there should rather be war, let him be ever employed, O king Bacchus, in picking out the points of arrows from his elbows!

CHOR.—And if any one, desiring to lead our ranks, grudges,

<sup>1</sup> These allusions are supposed to refer to the eclipses and other heavenly portents which terrified the nations during the Peloponnesian war.



O sacred Peace! that you should be restored to the light, may he suffer in battle the same disgrace as Cleonymus!

TRYG.—And if any sharpener of the spear, or vender of shields, wish for battles in order that he may have a better sale, may he be taken by robbers, and have nothing to eat but barley!

CHOR.—And if any one, wishing to be general of our armies, is not willing to assist our undertaking<sup>1</sup>, or any slave preparing to desert, may he be scourged, and torn on the wheel! But may our fortunes be prosperous. Ἰὴ Παῖων, ἰὴ!

TRYG.—Take away the Παίειν<sup>2</sup>, and only say Ἰὴ.

CHOR.—Ἰὴ, ἰὴ, therefore; Ἰὴ only do I say.

TRYG.—To Mercury, to the Graces, the Hours, Venus, and Desire.

CHOR.—But not to Mars?

TRYG.—No.

CHOR.—Nor to Enyalios?

TRYG.—No.

CHOR.—Let every one bend to the work, and haul at the ropes.

MERC.—Pull away.

CHOR.—Pull away hard.

MERC.—Pull away.

CHOR.—Pull away harder.

MERC.—Pull away, pull away.

TRYG.—But the men are not all pulling alike. What false pretences at straining! You Bœotians shall pay for this.

MERC.—Pull away now.

TRYG.—There we go.

CHOR.—Come, exert yourselves; and both of you join in pulling.

TRYG.—Am I not pulling, and hanging by the rope; and plying my strength, and working in earnest<sup>3</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> The Scholiast directs us rightly to consider these words of the Chorus as applying to the conduct of Alcibiades.

<sup>2</sup> “Propter malum omen. Nam in bello cædunt et feriunt, a quo isti abhorrent maximè.”—BERG.

<sup>3</sup> “ἐξαρτῶμαι est: me ex fune, quo extrahenda erat Pax, suspendo. ἐπεμπίπτειν autem Latt. verbo incumbere respondet.”—DIND.

MERC.—How then does not the work proceed?

CHOR.—O Lamachus! it is not fair that you should sit there, to thwart us. We do not stand in need, O man, of your bugbear of a Gorgon<sup>1</sup>!

MERC.—These Argives have for some time not been pulling at all; but they mock those who are enduring the toil, although they have, from two different quarters, been receiving pay and sustenance<sup>2</sup>.

TRYG.—But the Lacedæmonians, my good Mercury, are pulling like men.

MERC.—Are you sure of it? Those only who are workers in wood shew zeal in the task; but the worker in iron impedes it.

CHOR.—Neither are the Megareans doing any thing; and yet they are endeavouring to pull, gaping most greedily like dogs, and being almost perished, by Jupiter, through hunger<sup>3</sup>.

TRYG.—We are making no way, O men! But we must once more, all with one mind, apply ourselves to the work.

MERC.—Pull away.

TRYG.—Pull away hard.

MERC.—Pull away.

TRYG.—Pull away, in the name of Jupiter!

CHOR.—We are moving it but a little.

TRYG.—Is it not hard, that some should strain at the work, and that others should pull against them?—Ye shall receive blows, ye Argives!

MERC.—Pull away now!

TRYG.—There we go!

CHOR.—How malevolent are some of our number!

<sup>1</sup> We learn, from other passages of our author, that this was the device on the shield of Lamachus.

<sup>2</sup> οἱ τε Ἀργεῖοι ἄριστα ἔσχον τοῖς πᾶσιν, οὐ ξυναράμενοι τοῦ Ἀττικοῦ πολέμου, ἀμφοτέροις δὲ μᾶλλον ἐνσπονδοὶ ὄντες, ἐκκαρπώσάμενοι.—THUCYD. v. 28.

<sup>3</sup> The Megareans, who were famous for their love of eating, were excluded, by a decree of Pericles, from the Athenian markets and harbours during the continuance of the Peloponnesian war, and suffered severely from famine.

TRYG.—Do all you, who violently long for peace, pull away stoutly.

CHOR.—We do; but there are some who hinder us.

TRYG.—You men of Megara, will you not take yourselves off, with a mischief? for the Goddess hates you, remembering your offences; since it was you who first anointed her with garlic<sup>1</sup>. And I desire the Athenians to cease from holding on in that quarter where they are now pulling;—for you do nothing else than try causes: but if you desire to liberate this Goddess, you must retire a little nearer to the sea<sup>2</sup>.

CHOR.—Come, my companions, let us husbandmen alone put our hands to the work.

MERC.—The work proceeds much better, O men, by your exertions.

CHOR.—He says that the work proceeds; but let every man strive to the utmost.

TRYG.—The husbandmen are accomplishing the task, by their pulling; and no one else is helping.

CHOR.—Come now, let every one bear a hand. And, in truth, the object of our search is now near. Do not then slacken, but strain more stoutly at the task. The work is all but done. Pull away now, pull away every one! Pull away, pull away!

TRYG.—O sacred Peace, the giver of grapes, with what word shall I address thee? Where shall I find an expression sufficiently capacious of praise, which I shall apply to thee? for I have none such in my possession. O hail, Opora! and you too, O Theoria<sup>3</sup>! How fair a face you have, O Theoria! How sweet is your breath! What balsam does it breathe to the

<sup>1</sup> The meaning is obscure. The following is the explanation of the Scholiast: ἀντὶ τοῦ δριμύτητι, ὅτι πολλὰ παρ' αὐτοῖς σκόροδα. αἰτίαν δὲ εἶχον ἀρχηγοὶ γενέσθαι τοῦ πολέμου διὰ τὴν ἀρπαγὴν τῶν πορνῶν Ἀσπασίας καὶ τὴν ἐπὶ τοῦτοῖς ὀργὴν Περικλέους καὶ τὸ ψήφισμα, ὡς ἐν' Ἀχαρνέσσι φησιν.

<sup>2</sup> "Ingeniosum est hujus loci acumen, quo submonet Athenienses, ut maritimarum opum studio se applicent, quod identidem eis suadere solebat Themistocles."—BRUNCK.

<sup>3</sup> "Opora et Theoria cum Pace ex antro educebantur. Mulierculæ autem erant meretricum more ornatæ."—BRUNCK.

spirits, and sheds sweetest odours of repose and of frankincense!

MERC.—Is it a perfume resembling that of the soldier's knapsack?

CHOR.—I abominate that most odious basket of a hateful man; for it smells of the acrid eructations of onions. But this nymph is redolent of autumnal fruits, and banquets, of Dionysian festivals, of flutes, of tragedies, of strains of Sophocles, of thrushes, of verses of Euripides;—

TRYG.—You ought to be punished, for libelling her; for she cannot take pleasure in this constructor of judicial phrases.

CHOR.—Of ivy wreaths, and of wine-strainers; of the bosoms of maidens who haste to the labours of the fields; of female slaves flushed with wine<sup>1</sup>; of emptied flasks; and of many other and great blessings.

MERC.—Turn now, and view how reconciled cities hold friendly converse with each other, and smile in sincere joy; though they all have had their eyes terribly blackened, and endured many an application of cupping.

TRYG.—And observe the countenances of these spectators, that you may discern how it fares with their trades.

MERC.—Alas, for the unfortunate man! Do you not see the crest-maker, how he is tearing his hair?

TRYG.—And do you not see how the sickle-maker is rejoicing?

MERC.—Come now, desire the husbandmen to depart.

TRYG.—Ye hear, good people, that the husbandmen are to depart as quickly as possible to the fields, taking the implements of husbandry, but without the spear and the sword and the javelin; since the country already teems with the signs of ancient peace<sup>2</sup>. But let every one go to his work in the field, having sung the Pæan.

<sup>1</sup> Ὑπερβολὴ εὐωχίας, ὅτι καὶ οἱ δοῦλοι μεθύουσιν ἐν εἰρήνῃ.—SCHOL.

<sup>2</sup> “Propriè *σαπρὸν* dicitur, quòd temporis diuturnitate putredinem quæsitit: hic pro *vetusto* et *antiquo* dixit, in quo notat belli diuturnitatem, vel quòd paullo post ait, se jam senem revisurum ficus, quas juvenis plantaverat. *παιωνίζεν* autem est gratiarum erga deos actio: est enim *παιάν* hymnus *εὐχαριστήριος*.”—FL. CHR.



CHOR.—O day, that gladdens the wishes of the just and of the husbandmen, how I delight to behold you, and long to salute the vines! and, after the lapse of so long a time, I am impatient to embrace the fig-trees which I planted in the days of my youth.

TRYG.—Now then, O men, let us first make our prayers to this Goddess, who has relieved us from the crests and the Gorgons; and then let us speed home to our farms, having purchased some salt-stores that will be useful in the country.

MERC.—O Neptune, how goodly their array appears; and crowded and compact, like a cake or a public banquet!

TRYG.—Yes, by Jove; for the mattocks, which they bear as their weapons, shine brightly, and their three-pronged pitchforks glitter in the sun. Beautifully with these implements will they clear the spaces between the vines; so that I myself am already burning with desire to go into the fields, and to turn up, with the spade, my long-neglected plot of ground. But now, O men, recalling to mind that ancient mode of life which this Goddess once accorded to you, and the dried fruits, and the figs, and the myrtles, and the sweet new wine, and the bank of violets beside the fountain, and the olives for whose shade we languish—in return for these blessings, now bid this Goddess welcome.

CHOR.—Hail, hail, O dearest Goddess! With what joy to us you have come! For we were vanquished by the desire of your presence, longing vehemently to return to the country; since you were ever the greatest gain to us, O Goddess, dear to all who pursue the toils of rustic life. You alone are bounteous to us; for we owe to you, of old, many unbought pleasures and grateful enjoyments; and to the husbandman you have been the giver of green corn, and his preserver, so that the vines, and the young fig-trees, and every other herb and plant, smile with joy at your return.—But where was she absent from us, for so long a time? Inform us of this, O most benevolent of Gods.

MERC.—O wisest husbandmen, listen to my words, if you wish to learn how she was lost. The first cause of this cala-

mity, in truth, arose from the troubles into which Phidias<sup>1</sup> fell: and then Pericles<sup>2</sup>, fearing that he should share the same fortune, mistrusting your disposition and self-willed ways, before he suffered any calamity himself, set the city in a blaze: for flinging in that slight spark of the Megaric decree, he awoke so great a flame of war, that all the Greeks, both here and there, were made to shed tears by the smoke. And when first the vine heard the tidings, she rent her branches<sup>3</sup>; and wine-cask being dashed with violence against wine-cask, burst; and there was no longer any who could put a stop to the mischief: and Peace disappeared from the scene.

TRYG.—These facts, I swear by Apollo, I had not learned from any one; nor had I heard how Phidias was connected with her.

CHOR.—Nor I, till now. This is the reason why she is so fair of feature, because she is a connection of his. There are certainly many things that escape our observation.

MERC.—When the cities, over which you held rule, perceived that you were incensed against each other, and were shewing your teeth, they were led, by their hatred of tributes, to turn every contrivance that they could against your power; and they gained over the chief men of the Lacedæmonians, by bribes. But they, being lovers of base gain, and treacherous to strangers, rejected the influence of this Goddess, and shamefully snatched at a pretence of war. But what was gain to them was ruin to the husbandmen; for our triremes, going out for the purpose of retaliating injuries, brought destruction to the figs of innocent men.

TRYG.—It was done with justice; since they cut down my fig-tree, which I had planted and cherished with care.

<sup>1</sup> "Fuit enim condemnatus ab Atheniensibus, et fugit in exilium, quia visus est furtum commisisse, cùm faceret statuam Minervæ, ex auro et ebore."—BERG.

<sup>2</sup> "Ipse fuerat curator illius operis et inspector: cùmque timeret, ne etiam exemplo Phidiæ plecteretur, quia expensarum rationem reddere non posset; quietem publicam turbans, alio avertit mentes Atheniensium."—BERG.

<sup>3</sup> "Francogallus interpretes sensum benè expressit: Aussitôt que cette nouvelle fut parvenue dans nos vignes, les ceps furent brisés."—DIND.

CHOR.—It was in truth, my friend, done with justice, I swear it by Jupiter; since they also destroyed my six-bushel corn-chest, by throwing a stone into it.

MERC.—And then, as the labouring population flowed into the city from the fields, they were not acquainted with the practice of selling themselves; but being without grapes, and longing for figs, they turned their attention to the public declaimers<sup>1</sup>; who, well knowing that their hearers were poor and weak and in want of victuals, repelled this Goddess with their clamours, as if with forks, as often as she shewed herself with love to this country; and they harassed the wealthy and substantial of our allies, attaching to them as imputation, that they favoured the designs of Brasidas. Then, if any one was thus accused, you fell upon him like a pack of hounds: for the city, pallid with disease and depressed with fear, devoured with the greatest pleasure all accusations that might be flung to her. But foreign states seeing the wounds that these orators inflicted, stopped up with gold the mouths of those who exercised this power; so that they made them indeed rich, while it escaped your notice that Greece was made desolate. The tanner was the agent of all this evil.

TRYG.—Softly, softly, O Mercury my master! do not proceed, but leave that man alone in the shades where he now is; for he is no longer our subject, but yours. Whatever, therefore, you should say against him, even though he was a villain while he lived, and a prater and a sycophant, and an agitator, and a disturber, all these reproaches you would now utter against one of your own infernals. But, O revered Goddess! tell me why you are silent?

MERC.—This she will not tell, in the presence of this audience: for she retains great indignation on account of the wrongs which she suffered.

TRYG.—But let her tell a little of the truth to you alone.

<sup>1</sup> "Auscultabat oratoribus, quid illi dicerent, cùmque oratores isti libenter calumniarentur opulentos, ut nempe multarentur pecunia aut etiam omnia illorum bona publicarentur, plebi inopia laboranti ea res placebat, quamvis reip. pernicioſa."—BERG.

MERC.—Tell me, O dearest Goddess, what are your feelings towards these spectators. Speak, O most implacable of all women in your hatred to the shield! Well: I listen.—Are these your charges? I understand.—Do you hear the reasons why she finds fault with you. She says, that though she came of her own accord, after the affair at Pylus, bringing a chest full of truces to the city, her mediation was thrice rejected, by vote, in the public assembly.

TRYG.—We confess the fault: but forgive us, for our minds were then wrapped up in skins<sup>1</sup>.

MERC.—Now hear what she has just asked me:—Who here has sentiments the most adverse to her cause? and who favours her, and strives that there should be no battles?

TRYG.—Cleonymus was, undoubtedly, by far the most favourable to her.

MERC.—What sort of person does Cleonymus appear to you to be, in matters of war?

TRYG.—Most brave of soul; except that he is not sprung from the father whose son he professes to be: for if at any time he should go out on military service, he straightway throws away his arms<sup>2</sup>.

MERC.—Hear now further what she has just asked me:—Who at present has the greatest influence from the orator's place in the Pnyx?

TRYG.—Hyperbolus is now in possession of this post.—But, O Goddess, what are you doing? why do you turn away your head?

MERC.—She turns away from the people, in indignation that they have set over themselves so wicked a leader.

TRYG.—We will no longer employ him for any purpose: but at present, the city, being at a loss for a protector, and

<sup>1</sup> A sarcastic allusion to the tanning trade of Cleon.

<sup>2</sup> “Notissimus clypei abjector Cleonymus, in quem facetus hic est jocus e similitudine vocum petitus ἀποβολιμαῖος et ὑποβολιμαῖος.” BRUNCK.—“The ‘facetis jocus’ that delights the Strasburg Professor seems to us to be about as poor a jest as ever was attempted. The puns of the ancients are truly deplorable!



naked of defence, availed herself of this man, as a temporary covering<sup>1</sup>.

MERC.—She asks how such a choice could conduce to the good of the city?

TRYG.—We shall become more prudent in counsel.

MERC.—In what way?

TRYG.—Because he happens to be a lamp-maker<sup>2</sup>. Formerly, indeed, we groped our way through the public business in the dark; but now all our deliberations will take place in the light of the lamp.

MERC.—Oh, oh! what things she bids me inquire of you!

TRYG.—What are they?

MERC.—Many in number, and of old date, which she formerly left. In the first place, she asks how Sophocles is going on?

TRYG.—He is flourishing; but he has met with a strange chance.

MERC.—What?

TRYG.—He has been metamorphosed from Sophocles into Simonides.

MERC.—Simonides? How?

TRYG.—Because he has become old and sordid<sup>3</sup>. For the sake of gain, he would even undertake a voyage on a hurdle.

MERC.—How now? Is the wise Cratinus alive?

TRYG.—He died at the time of the Lacedæmonian invasion.

MERC.—From what cause?

TRYG.—What? He swooned away; for he could not bear to see a cask-full of wine destroyed. And how many other evils do you think have taken place in the city? So many, that, O mistress, we will never again suffer you to leave us!

<sup>1</sup> “περιζώσασα, h. c. amicit se eo, induit eum, ponitur pro ἐπίτροπον κατέστησε, quia ad voc. γυμνός respicitur. Mox ad ἐρωτᾷ scil. Εἰρήνην, cogitandum, mutat Pacis personam ita se composuisse, ut Mercurius ejus voluntatem interpretari posset.”—DIND.

<sup>2</sup> See Nub. 1064.

<sup>3</sup> Simonides was the first poet who wrote for money.

MERC.—Come now, take Opora, on these terms<sup>1</sup>, as your wife; and, living with her in the country, propagate young vines.

TRYG.—O dearest Opora! come hither and kiss me.

MERC.—But take Theoria, and conduct her as quickly as possible to the Council, to which she formerly belonged.

TRYG.—O happy Council that enjoys the presence of Theoria!—And now, my dear Mercury, I leave you all good wishes, at parting.

MERC.—May you, O mortal, depart rejoicing, and be mindful of me!

TRYG.—O beetle! let us fly home, home.

MERC.—The beetle, my good man, is no longer here.

TRYG.—Where is he gone?

MERC.—Being yoked to the chariot of Jupiter, he bears the thunderbolts.

TRYG.—How, then, shall I get down?

MERC.—Never fear; you will get down easily, here, beside the Goddess herself.

TRYG.—Come along, girls! follow me quickly.

CHOR.—Go rejoicing: but we, in the meanwhile, delivering these implements to the attendants, will entrust them to their care, since numbers of thieves are wont to be loitering and working mischief in the neighbourhood of the scenes<sup>2</sup>. But do you strenuously protect them, while we declare to the spectators the method of our argument, and the present objects of our thoughts. It were indeed proper that the apparitors should smite the offender with their rods, if any comic poet, digressing in anapæsts, should address the audience in praise of himself: but if it were reasonable, O daughter of Jupiter<sup>3</sup>! to pay honour to one who had been proved to be the most skilful and celebrated master in comedy, our poet claims to be worthy of that great praise.

<sup>1</sup> “ἐπὶ τοῦτοις est, hac conditione, hac lege, scil. ut Pacem semper retineas et colas. ἐκποιεῖσθαι est sibi gignere, procreare.”—DIND.

<sup>2</sup> Our modern stage is also distinguished for pilfering.

<sup>3</sup> “Vel Minervam vel Musam innuit. Illud similiùs vero, quia Athenis.”—FL. CHR.

For he alone of men first put a stop to that practice of his adversaries of cutting jests on rags and warring with lice; and he first brought into contempt, and banished from the stage, those exhibitions of Hercules, where he was represented as baking bread, or starving, or fugitive, or cheating, or suffering himself to be beaten with design: and he dismissed from the service of the Muses the slaves whom his rivals were always in the habit of introducing howling, and whom they brought forward for the very purpose, that a fellow-slave, making mirth of their stripes, might ask, "O unhappy wretch! what has happened to your skin? has the lash invaded your sides in full force, and laid waste your back?" Getting rid of such abominations, and rubbish, and low-born buffooneries, he ennobled the art, for our delight; and elevated its structure with high thoughts and words and wit, that savoured not of the market-place. Nor did he introduce into his plays private men or women; but exhibiting a certain share of the disposition of Hercules, he made his attacks on the most powerful; passing undismayed through the dreadful smells of hides, and threats of rage and filth. First of all, indeed, I commenced the combat with that sharp-toothed monster, from whose eyes the most hateful beams of Cynna<sup>1</sup> shone, and a hundred heads of most detestable flatterers encircled and licked his head; and he had the voice of a torrent that produces destruction, and the smell of a seal. I was not appalled at the sight of such a monster; but fighting in your cause, and in that of the Islands, I ever held out against him: in return for which benefits, it is now fair that you should repay the favour to me, and shew that you have not forgot me. For, formerly, when I succeeded in my wishes, I did not keep walking the palaestra, but, taking up my paraphernalia, I immediately withdrew, having caused little pain and much pleasure, and in all things having performed my duty. It is therefore fitting that both men and boys should be on my side; and we exhort the bald, that they should join

<sup>1</sup> "Cynna et Salabaccho scorta fuerunt Athenis. De Cynnâ in Eqq. 765. meminit."—FL. CHR.

in the efforts for victory. For if I gain the prize, every one will say, at table and at drinking-matches, "Help the bald man: take the sweetmeats to the bald man, and let nothing be wanting to the most noble of poets, the man that has the forehead<sup>1</sup>." O Muse! do you, having banished wars, lead the chorus, with me your lover, celebrating the nuptials of the Gods, and the banquets of men, and the festal delights of the blessed; for such strains were wont to be dear to you. But if Carcinus, coming, should beseech you to join the choral dance with his sons, do not comply with his request, nor appear as their associate; but consider them all to be domesticated quails, long-necked, dwarf-shaped dancers, fragments of goats' dung, inventors of machinery. For even the father avowed, that the drama which he had composed in a style beyond his hopes, was strangled by a cat in the evening<sup>2</sup>. Such popular melodies of the fair-haired Graces it becomes a wise poet to sing, when the swallow in spring, sitting, makes music with her voice, and there is no chorus of Morsimus or Melanthius, whose most bitter voice I heard chattering, when he and his brother produced a tragic chorus, both voracious Gorgons, lookers after ray-fish, harpies, polluted, rank as goats, destroyers of fish: on whom having spit with all contempt, O divine Muse! enjoy along with me these festive sports<sup>3</sup>.

TRYG.—What a hard matter it was to pass direct to the abodes of the Gods! I feel dreadfully fatigued in both my legs. You appeared small from above; and to me, from heaven, you seemed to be very wicked in your dispositions: but here you seem to be still worse.

SERV.—O master, are you come?

TRYG.—So I have heard said.

SERV.—How have you come off?

<sup>1</sup> It would appear, from this passage, that some belief in phrenology existed long before the time of Gall and Spurzheim.

<sup>2</sup> The point of this allusion is wholly lost to us.

<sup>3</sup> "Hæc coronis est. Prodeunt verò de novo personæ, et Trygæus descendit a cœlo, et ad penates suos redit, narrans, quantum laboris hauserit in ascensu et descensu.—FL. CHR.



TRYG.—I am suffering pain in both my legs, after having accomplished so long a journey.

SERV.—Come now, tell me—

TRYG.—What?

SERV.—Have you seen any other man wandering in the air, except yourself?

TRYG.—None, with the exception of two or three souls of dithyrambic poets.

SERV.—What were they about?

TRYG.—They were collecting, as they flew, the openings of poems, such as paint mortals floating in serene air.

SERV.—Did it appear in the air that the common saying is true, that we become stars when any one dies?

TRYG.—Certainly.

SERV.—What star now is that there?

TRYG.—Ion of Chios, who formerly composed on earth the poem of Eous; and when he was removed to heaven<sup>1</sup>, he was immediately called, by all, the Morning Star.

SERV.—What are those vagrant stars that run about burning?

TRYG.—These are certain of the rich stars, that are returning from supper, having lanterns, and in their lanterns a light. But take and conduct this lady as quickly as possible within; and wash out the bath, and prepare warm water, and deck for her and me the nuptial couch. Having executed these tasks, return hither again; and I in the mean time will deliver her companion to the Council.

SERV.—Whence did you bring these damsels?

TRYG.—Whence? from heaven.

SERV.—I would no longer give three farthings for the Gods, if they are given to wenching like us mortals.

TRYG.—Not so bad as that<sup>2</sup>; but there are some of them there who get their living by these means.

<sup>1</sup> "Scholiastes ad h. l. ὅς ὁ ἦλθεν ἐνθάδε, ἀντὶ τοῦ, εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν, ἀπέθαιεν."  
—DIND.

<sup>2</sup> "οὐκ ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐῶσιν ἀπὸ τούτων τινές. Translated: *Non quidem ita solent: sunt tamen inter illos quidam qui ex hoc quaestu sibi victum parant.* They do not, but they do! After οὐκ, I believe ἀνὸρ ὁρῶς δοίης, or εἰσὶν ἄξιοι τριωβόλου, or some such words, are understood. See *Vespæ*, v. 77."—SEAGER.

SERV.—Let us now go. Tell me, shall I give any thing to this damsel to eat?

TRYG.—Nothing: for she will not be inclined to eat of either bread or cake, having been always accustomed, among the Gods, to be fed with ambrosia.

CHOR.—The old man, as far as we can judge from these appearances, is now prosperous and happy.

TRYG.—What will you say, when you see me a smart bridegroom?

CHOR.—You will deserve, old man, to be envied, having again renewed your youth, and being fragrant with unguents.

TRYG.—Shall I not with justice be happy, who, mounting on the conveyance of the beetle, brought safety to the Greeks, so that in the country all men can now live and sleep in security?

CHOR.—A citizen like you is a man whose merits are a benefit to all.

TRYG.—When you gather your grapes, you will learn still more what a benefactor I am.

CHOR.—Even now, your claims are manifest; for you have been a preserver to all men.

TRYG.—What will you say when you drink a beaker of new wine?

CHOR.—We will ever, with the exception of the Gods, consider you to be the first of beings.

TRYG.—I, Trygæus, the Athmonian, am indeed worthy to be held in high account by you, having relieved from severe toil the swarms of our city and the rural population, and having put a stop to Hyperbolus.

CHOR.—Come, now, what is next to be done by us?

TRYG.—What else, than to erect the statue of this Goddess, with offerings of vegetables?

CHOR.—With vegetables, as if it were a paltry statue of Mercury?

TRYG.—How, then, does it seem proper to you? Do you wish the sacrifice to be made with a well-fed bull?

CHOR.—With a bull? by no means, lest at any time we should be bullied<sup>1</sup>.

TRYG.—With a fat and large pig?

CHOR.—No, no.

TRYG.—Why?

CHOR.—That we may not appear to be doing honour to the hoggishness of Theagenes.

TRYG.—With which, then, of other victims does it seem fit to you?

CHOR.—With a sheep.

TRYG.—With a sheep?

CHOR.—Yes, by Jupiter.

TRYG.—Well, *ὄϊς* is, at all events, an Ionic word.

CHOR.—And appropriate; for if, in the assembly, any one says that we ought to go to war, his hearers utter in fear the Ionic exclamation *ὄϊ*.

TRYG.—You say well.

CHOR.—And let them be in other respects placable; for thus we shall become like lambs in our dispositions towards each other, and be far more merciful to our allies.

TRYG.—Haste now; get hold of a sheep, and bring it as quickly as possible. But I will supply an altar on which we may sacrifice.

CHOR.—How all things that the Gods favour, and Fortune directs, proceed according to our wishes; and one event tallies with another, in seasonable occurrence!

TRYG.—These truths are manifest; for the altar is ready for us without.

CHOR.—Hasten now, while the violent blast of war is turned away from us by the influence of heaven. For Fortune is now obviously effecting a transition for us into prosperity.

TRYG.—The basket is ready, which contains the salted cake, and the garland and the knife; and here is the fire, and nothing but the sheep detains us.

<sup>1</sup> “*βοῦς—βοηθεῖν*: *jocus e paronomasiâ.*”—BRUNCK.

CHOR.—Will you not exert yourselves? For if Chæris<sup>1</sup> should see you, he will approach uninvited, playing on his flute; and, in the end, I well know that you will have to give something for his blowing and toiling.

TRYG.—Come now, do you, taking the basket and the basin, quickly go round the altar to the right.

SERV.—Behold, it is done. Command something else: I have gone round it.

TRYG.—Proceed now to take this torch, and dip it in water. Do you shake it rapidly; and you distribute the salted cake, and yourself perform your lavations, handing the bason to me, and fling handfuls of the barley to the spectators.

SERV.—It is done.

TRYG.—Have you already given to them?

SERV.—Yes, by Mercury! so that of all the spectators who are present, there is no one who has not got his share.

TRYG.—Let us offer our prayers. Who is here? Where are the many and the good<sup>2</sup>?

SERV.—Come, let me give to these who are present: for they are many and good.

TRYG.—Do you consider such persons good?

SERV.—Are they not; who, while we have been pouring so much water on them, have stood their ground, collected together in the same place<sup>3</sup>.

TRYG.—But let us as quickly as possible offer our prayer. O most sacred queen, revered Goddess, Peace, mistress of dances, mistress of nuptials, receive our sacrifice!

SERV.—Receive it, O highly-honoured power, we conjure

<sup>1</sup> “Est tibicen sacrorum ἄμουσος, quemque hic notat Comicus impudentiæ parasitiæ. Sanè videtur istud genus hominum ludibrium debuisse antiquis illis. Nam proverbiale ferè fuit, quod Athenæus sine auctore citat l. viii :

ἀνδρὶ μὲν αὐλητῇρι θεοὶ νόον οὐκ ἐνέφυσαν,

ἀλλ’ ἅμα τῷ φυσᾶν καὶ νόος ἐκπέταται.”—FL. CHR.

<sup>2</sup> “Adludit ad sacrificiorum ritum, in quibus præco clamabat, τίς τῆδε; Respondebat vero sacris operantium turba, πολλοὶ καγαθοί.”—BRUNCK.

<sup>3</sup> “Bonos pro more dicit servulus, quos videri vult imbecillos; imbecilli enim videbatur esse, aquâ conspersos non diffugere, sed statum tueri suum, quod faciebant nimirum spectatores, leviculam ob causam theatro excedere nolentes.”

—HOTIB.



you by Jupiter! and do not imitate the behaviour of wanton women: for they, half opening the doors of their chambers, look out; and if any one direct his attention to them, they withdraw; and then if he move away, they again look out. We pray you not to act in this manner towards us.

TRYG.—No, by Jupiter! but shew yourself without reserve, as becomes your generous nature, to us your enamoured admirers, who have been pining with regret at your absence for these thirteen years; and banish battles and tumults, so that we may hail you by the name of Lysimacha. And we pray you to put a stop to those over-nice suspicions with which we are always chattering against each other; and blend us Greeks again, as of old, with the balsam of friendship, and harmonize our feelings with a more indulgent humanity. Grant that our market be filled with bounteous store of good things; with garlic, and early cucumbers; with apples and pomegranates, and little cloaks for slaves: and that we see dealers from Bœotia, bringing geese and ducks, and doves and wrens; and that baskets of Copaic eels should come; and that we, collecting in crowds to purchase these dainties, should have a fight for them, with Marychus, and Teleas, and Glaucetas, and many other gluttons; and that Melanthius should come into the market after they have been sold, and should utter lamentations, and quote this monody from Medea: “I am undone, I am undone, having lost the eels that lie lurking amid beet!” and that men should rejoice at his disappointment. O much-honoured Goddess, grant these favours to our prayers!

SERV.—Take the knife; and then, like a dexterous cook, slay the sheep.

TRYG.—But it is not lawful.

SERV.—For what reason?

TRYG.—Peace, of course, does not take pleasure in slaughters, nor may her altar be stained with blood: but, taking the victim within, sacrifice it; and having cut off the thighs, bring them hither: and thus the sheep is preserved to the leader of the chorus<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> “Præter expectationem hoc dici videtur πρόβατον σῶζεται, quàm tamen mactanda

CHOR.—It is proper that you, remaining without, should quickly hand to us the billets of wood, and do all that is fitting to these rites.

TRYG.—Do I not seem to you to have arranged the faggots with all the skill of a soothsayer?

CHOR.—How should you not? For what has escaped your genius, of all that it becomes a wise man to learn? And what have you not embraced in thought, of all that graces the knowledge of a man esteemed for sagacious intellect and effective daring?

TRYG.—The lighted billets are suffocating Stilbides<sup>1</sup> with their smoke. I will also bring a table; and there will be no need of a boy to assist.

CHOR.—Who would not praise so excellent a man, who, having endured many toils, saved the sacred city? He will therefore never cease to be the object of admiration to all his countrymen.

SERV.—Your<sup>2</sup> commands have been performed. Take the thighs, and place them on the fire; but I go for the entrails and the consecrated meal.

TRYG.—These things will be a care to me: but you ought to have been here sooner.

SERV.—Behold, I am present. Do I appear to you to have delayed?

TRYG.—Now roast the sacrifice beautifully; for here comes some one crowned with laurel. Who in the name of wonder is he?

SERV.—How arrogant he appears! He is some prophet.

TRYG.—No, by Jupiter! but it is Hierocles.

*mactanda sit ovis. Nimirum maxima ovis mactata pars ei servatur, femoribus tantum allatis. Cæterum his dictis ovis videtur abducta esse.*—DIND.

<sup>1</sup> “Fuit Stilbides haruspex celebris, quem Athenienses ad expeditionem Siculam secum duxerunt. Dixerat paulo ante Trygæus: ‘Nonne tibi videor, ut peritus haruspex, cremia ponere?’ Nunc eodem persistens joco ait: ‘Incensi ligni fumus haruspice[m] hedit.’ Sed pro *haruspice* Stilbidem nominat.”—BRONEK.

<sup>2</sup> “Redit famulus in scenam afferens femora (986) quæ igni imponi a Trygæo vult; sed ille mavult id a famulo fieri, ipse autem intrare, ut extis scilicet et farre ipse vesceretur.”—DIND.

SERV.—He, forsooth, is the soothsayer who comes from Oreum. What in the world will he say?

TRYG.—It is plain that he will oppose the reconciliation.

SERV.—Not so; but he has come attracted by the savoury smell.

TRYG.—Let us not now appear to see him.

SERV.—You advise well.

HIEROCLES.—What sacrifice is this; and to whom of the Gods?

TRYG.—Roast away in silence, and refrain from touching the loin.

HIER.—Will you not tell me to whom you sacrifice?

TRYG.—Is it well with the tail?

SERV.—Very well, indeed, O sacred and beloved Peace!

HIER.—Come now, begin the rites, and then distribute the first-fruits.

TRYG.—It is better first to proceed with the roasting.

HIER.—But these parts, at least, are sufficiently roasted.

TRYG.—You are very troublesome, whoever you are. Cut up. Where is a table? Bring the libation.

HIER.—The tongue should be divided in two.

TRYG.—We are aware of that. But do you know how you are behaving?

HIER.—I shall know, if you tell me.

TRYG.—Do not talk at all to us; for we are sacrificing to sacred Peace.

HIER.—O wretched and foolish mortals——

TRYG.—We fling back these terms at your head.

HIER.—Who in your folly, not understanding the will of the Gods, have made a league, men with truculent apes——

SERV.—Aiboi! boi!

TRYG.—Why do you laugh?

SERV.—I am amused by the phrase of truculent apes.

HIER.—And, simple doves, you have put your trust in foxes, whose souls are crafty, whose minds are crafty.

TRYG.—I wish, O boaster, that your lights were as warm as our roast.

HIER.—For if the divine nymphs have not deceived Bacis, nor Bacis mortals, nor again the nymphs Bacis himself——

TRYG.—May you perish utterly, if you do not cease to talk of Bacis!

HIER.—It was not predicted that the bonds of Peace should be loosed, but that first——

TRYG.—These offerings should be sprinkled with salt.

HIER.—For it is not desired by the blessed Gods that we should cease from strife, till the wolf marry the sheep.

TRYG.—And how, O miscreant, should a wolf marry a sheep?

HIER.—When the flying cock-roach emits most offensive odours, and the barking bitch, hastening her parturition, brings forth blind pups, not even then is it fitting to make peace.

TRYG.—But what would you have us do? not to leave off war, or to decide by chance which party is to suffer the greater loss, when it is in our power, by entering into a truce, to share the supremacy of Greece.

HIER.—You will never make the crab to move in a straight line.

TRYG.—<sup>1</sup> You will never again be treated to supper in the Prytaneum, nor longer compose prophecies after the occurrence of events.

HIER.—You will never make the rough hedgehog smooth.

TRYG.—Will you ever cease to deceive the Athenians with your jargon?

HIER.—In accordance with what oracle have you burned thighs to Gods?

TRYG.—In accordance with that most noble strain of the poetry of Homer: "Thus they having removed the hateful cloud of war, welcomed Peace, and established her in her shrine. But when they had consumed the thighs with fire, and tasted the entrails, they poured libations from cups; and I was the leader of the way: but no one gave the shining goblet to the soothsayer."

<sup>1</sup> "Harioli et haruspices habebant victum ex publico, ut habuit Lampon; sed præcipuè belli tempore. Nam eorum tunc usus erat maximus. Itaque nom mirum, si Hierocles iste pacem aversatur."—FL. CHR.



HIER.—I do not acknowledge these verses to apply to me ; for Sibylla did not utter them.

TRYG.—But the wise Homer, by Jupiter, has cleverly said : “ He is an alien to his tribe, an outlaw, and an outcast, who loves horrid civil war.”

HIER.—Take heed now, lest a kite, deceiving your attention by stratagem, pounce upon the offerings.

TRYG.—Do you,<sup>1</sup> however, be on your guard against such depredation ; for this is an alarming oracle for the entrails. Pour the libation into the cup, and bring hither a portion of the entrails.

HIER.—But if this is the plan that you approve, I also will minister to myself.

TRYG.—Libation ! libation !

HIER.—Pour also for me, and give me a part of the entrails.

TRYG.—But this is not yet acceptable to the blessed Gods ; but they prefer that we should pour the libation, and that you should take your departure.—O sacred Peace, abide for life with us !

HIER.—Bring the tongue.

TRYG.—And do you take your tongue away.

HIER.—Libation !

TRYG.—Remove quickly the remains of the sacrifice along with the libation.

HIER.—Will no one bestow a portion of the entrails upon me ?

TRYG.—It is not possible for us to make this gift to you, until the wolf shall marry the sheep.

HIER.—I beseech you, by your knees !

TRYG.—You supplicate in vain, my friend ; for you cannot make the rough hedgehog smooth. But approach, O spectators, and join with us in partaking of the entrails.

HIER.—And what shall I do ?

TRYG.—Eat Sibylla.

HIER.—I swear by the Earth, that you shall not eat these entrails alone ; but I will snatch them from you ; for they lie there as common property.

<sup>1</sup> “ Alloquitur famulum.”—DIND.

TRYG.—Smite, smite the Bacis !

HIER.—I call on the bystanders to be witnesses.

TRYG.—And I call upon them to be witnesses that you are a glutton and a braggart. Strike him ; and quiet his boasts with the cudgel.

SERV.—Do you administer the drubbing ; but I will strip him of the skins which he has fraudulently taken. Will you not lay aside the skins, O sacrificer ? Do you hear ? What a raven this is that has come from Oreum ! Will you not quickly fly back to Elymnium<sup>1</sup> ?

CHOR.—I am delighted, I am truly delighted, at getting rid of the helmet, and of cheese and onions ; for I take no pleasure in battles, but would rather pass my time beside the fire, in the society of friendly companions, burning the dry wood which the summer has made ready for the flame. Nor is there any thing more agreeable, than when the seed has happened to be sown, and the God grants showers ; and some neighbour says : “ Tell me, O Comarchides, what shall we now do ? It would be my choice to drink, since the heavens are so favourable to the growing corn. Come, wife, roast three pecks of kidney-beans, and mix wheat with them, and bring out some of your pigs, and let Syra call Manes to leave his labours at the farm ; for it is not possible to day to thin the vines, or to break the clods, since the ground is saturated with rain. And let some one bring forth from my house the thrush and the sparrows : and there were also within some new milk<sup>2</sup>, and four pieces of hare, if the cat did not run off with them last night ; for I heard a noise in the house, and the sounds of disturbance. Of these, O boy, bring three pieces to us, and give one to father : and beg some of his fruit-bearing myrtles from Æschinades ; and at the same time, let some one, taking the same path, call Char-mides, that he may drink with us, while the God sends his favours and blessings on our ploughed fields.” But when the grasshopper sings its sweet note, I am delighted in watching

<sup>1</sup> “ Elymnium dicitur esse locus in Eubœâ, in quâ etiam erat Oreum, unde Hierocles erat.”—BERG.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the first milk given by the cow after calving ;—a strange dainty !

the Lemnian vines, if they are yet getting ripe, for their fruit is of an early kind; and in seeing the green fig swell: and then, when it is ripe, I eat it, and press it to my lips, and at the same time exclaim, "O friendly Seasons!" and I drink a mixture, after having grated into it some sprigs of thyme: and thus I become fat in that season of summer, far more than if I had to look on a commander of soldiers, detested by the Gods, who wears three crests, and a purple cloak of a very vivid colour, which he says is of the Sardianic tincture; and yet he probably is the first to fly, like the swiftest of cocks, shaking his crests, while I am left to hold the nets. But when these men are at home, they do things that are intolerable, inscribing the names of some of us in the military lists, and blotting out those of others at random two or three times. To-morrow is the day of march: but provisions have not been purchased by the recruit; for he did not know that he was to join the expedition, but standing by the statue of Pandion he reads his name in the list, and, in despair at his misfortune, rushes away with sourest aspect. Such is the treatment that we rustics, and the men of the city in a less degree, meet with at the hands of these cowards, who are detested by Gods and men, and who shall yet, if Heaven will it, render an account to me for these wrongs: for they have inflicted upon me many injuries, being lions at home, and foxes in battle.

TRYG.—Iou! iou! What numbers have come to the wedding-supper! Here, wipe the table with this crest, for there is by no means any further use to be made of it. Then bring in the cakes, and the thrushes, and many dishes of hare, and rolls.

SICKLE-MAKER.—Where, where is Trygæus?

TRYG.—I am boiling thrushes.

SICKL.—O dearest of men, O Trygæus, what benefits you have conferred on us, by effecting a peace! For no one was formerly disposed to purchase a sickle, not even for the smallest copper coin; and now I sell them for fifty drachmæ; and my neighbour here sends casks into the country for which he gets three drachmæ. But, O Trygæus, take of

the sickles and of the casks what you please, without price, and accept these gifts. For of the articles which we sell, and by which we make gain, we bring these as presents to you on the occasion of your marriage.

TRYG.—Come now; and having deposited these gifts with me, go in to supper as quickly as possible; for that vender of armour is approaching in a rage.

CREST-MAKER.—Alas, O Trygæus, how you have utterly ruined me!

TRYG.—What is the matter with you, unhappy man? You seem to be crest-fallen.

CREST.—You have destroyed my trade and means of life and have also ruined this man, and that spear-maker.

TRYG.—How much shall I pay you for these two crests?

CREST.—How much will you give?

TRYG.—How much will I give: I am ashamed to mention it. But still, as this binding must have taken a great deal of trouble, I am willing to give three pecks of dried figs for the two, in order that I may wipe my table with your handiwork.

CREST.—Going into the house, bring out the dried figs; for this is better, my friend, than getting nothing.

TRYG.—Take them away, take them away, with a mischief, from my house! The hairs are dropping out, and the crests are worth nothing. I would not give a single dried fig for them.

BREASTPLATE-MAKER.—What shall I, wretched man, make of this hollow breast-plate, that is worth ten minæ, and is beautifully lined within?

TRYG.—This article shall not cause you loss: but give it to me at cost-price.

TRUMPETER.—What shall I make of this trumpet, which I formerly purchased for sixty drachmæ?

TRYG.—Having poured lead into the hollow part of it, and then inserting from above a long wand, it will become a pendant cottabus to you.

TRUMP.—Ah me! you mock me.

TRYG.—Well, I will recommend another plan to you. Pour in the lead, as I have suggested: and then adding a scale



suspended by cords, it will be fashioned for you into an implement for weighing figs to your servants in the fields.

HELMET-MAKER.—O implacable Fortune, how you have destroyed me, that I ever gave a mina for these helmets! And now what shall I do? for who will purchase them?

TRYG.—Go and sell them to the Egyptians; for they will be convenient for measuring their purgative draughts.

SPEAR-MAKER.—Alas, helmet-maker, into what a wretched state we have come!

TRYG.—This man has suffered no evil.

HELM.—But what is there now for which any one will make use of helmets?

TRYG.—If any one would learn to make them with handles of this sort, he would have much better sale for them than at present.

HELM.—Let us depart, O spear-maker!

TRYG.—Not yet, I pray, since I will purchase these spears from him.

SPEAR.—How much, then, will you give?

TRYG.—If they were sawn in two, I would take them for vine-props, at a hundred the drachma.

SPEAR.—We are insulted. Let us withdraw, my friend, from this place.

TRYG.—It were as well, by Jupiter; since already the boys of the guests who were invited to this house are coming out to rehearse, as it seems to me, the preludes of what they are going to sing. But whatever you design to sing here, O boy, standing beside me, commence your prelude.

1ST BOY.—Let us now again begin the strain from valiant men——

TRYG.—Leave off singing about valiant men; particularly, O most miserable boy, in a time of peace. You are ignorant and execrable.

1ST BOY.—But they, when advancing they were near to each other, dashed together their shields and bossy bucklers.

TRYG.—Their shields? Will you not cease to annoy us by making mention of the shield?

1ST BOY.—Then at the same time arose the shrieks and the supplicating cries of men.

TRYG.—The shrieks of men? You shall repent, I swear by Bacchus, of singing of shrieks, especially of such as have bosses!

1ST BOY.—But what then shall I sing? for do you tell me in what songs you take pleasure.

TRYG.—“Thus they fed on the flesh of oxen,” and strains of this sort: “They set out the dinner, and all things that are most agreeable for repast.”

1ST BOY.—Thus they fed on the flesh of oxen, and unharnessed the sweating necks of their horses when they were sated of war.

TRYG.—Good: they were sated with war, and then they ate. Sing, O sing this song, how they ate when they were sated.

1ST BOY.—And then again they put on their breastplates, after they had made a pause——

TRYG.—Which they made with pleasure, I should think.

1ST BOY.—And poured forth from the towers, and an inextinguishable clamour arose.

TRYG.—May you perish, most miserably, O boy, both you and your battles! for you sing of nothing but war. Whose son may you be?

1ST BOY.—I?

TRYG.—Yes, you, by Jupiter.

1ST BOY.—I am the son of Lamachus.

TRYG.—Bah! I was wondering, as I listened to you, if you were not the son of some man whose councils bring war and its evils upon us. Take yourself off, and go and sing to the spearmen.—Where is the son of Cleonymus? Sing me a song, before you go into the house: for I well know that you will not sing of warlike matters; for you are the son of a discreet father.

2D BOY.—Some one of the Saians glories in the possession of the shield, my unproved armour, which I left unwillingly in the thicket.

TRYG.—Tell me, you imp, are you singing a satire on your own father?

2d BOY.—But I saved my life.

TRYG.—And disgraced your parents.—But let us go in; for I well know that, being the son of that father, you will never forget the song which you have just sung about the shield. It is now left to you who remain here to swallow all these provisions; and to exert yourselves, and not to ply empty jaws; but fall to stoutly, and devour with both your jaws; for there is no use, you rogues, in having white teeth, except they are also able to chew.

CHOR.—We shall not fail in this duty: but you do well in giving us these injunctions.

TRYG.—Now stuff yourselves, O all who before were starving, with ragouts of hare: for it is not every day that you will fall in with dishes wandering unprotected. Eat away, therefore, or you will quickly repent of your delay.

CHOR.—It is fitting to use words of good omen; and that some one should bring the bride hither from the house, and carry torches; and that all the people should join in our rejoicings and festive acclamations; and that we should now again carry back these implements to the fields, after having danced and poured libations, and driven away Hyperbolus; and after having prayed to the Gods to give wealth to the Greeks, and that we should all alike produce great store of barley and of wine, and have figs to eat; and that our wives may be fruitful, and that we may again recover, as of old, all the blessings we had lost, and that the use of the glittering iron may no more be known.

SEMI-CHOR.—Hymen! O Hymenæus!

SEMI-CHOR.—O thrice happy mortal! with what justice you now enjoy these blessings. Let us, to whom the task is appointed, raise up, O men, and bear aloft the bridegroom. Hymen! O Hymenæus!

CHOR.—You will dwell together in prosperity, free from strife, and gathering your figs in peace. Hymen! O Hymenæus!

TRYG.—Farewell, farewell, my friends: but if you follow me, you shall have cakes to eat.

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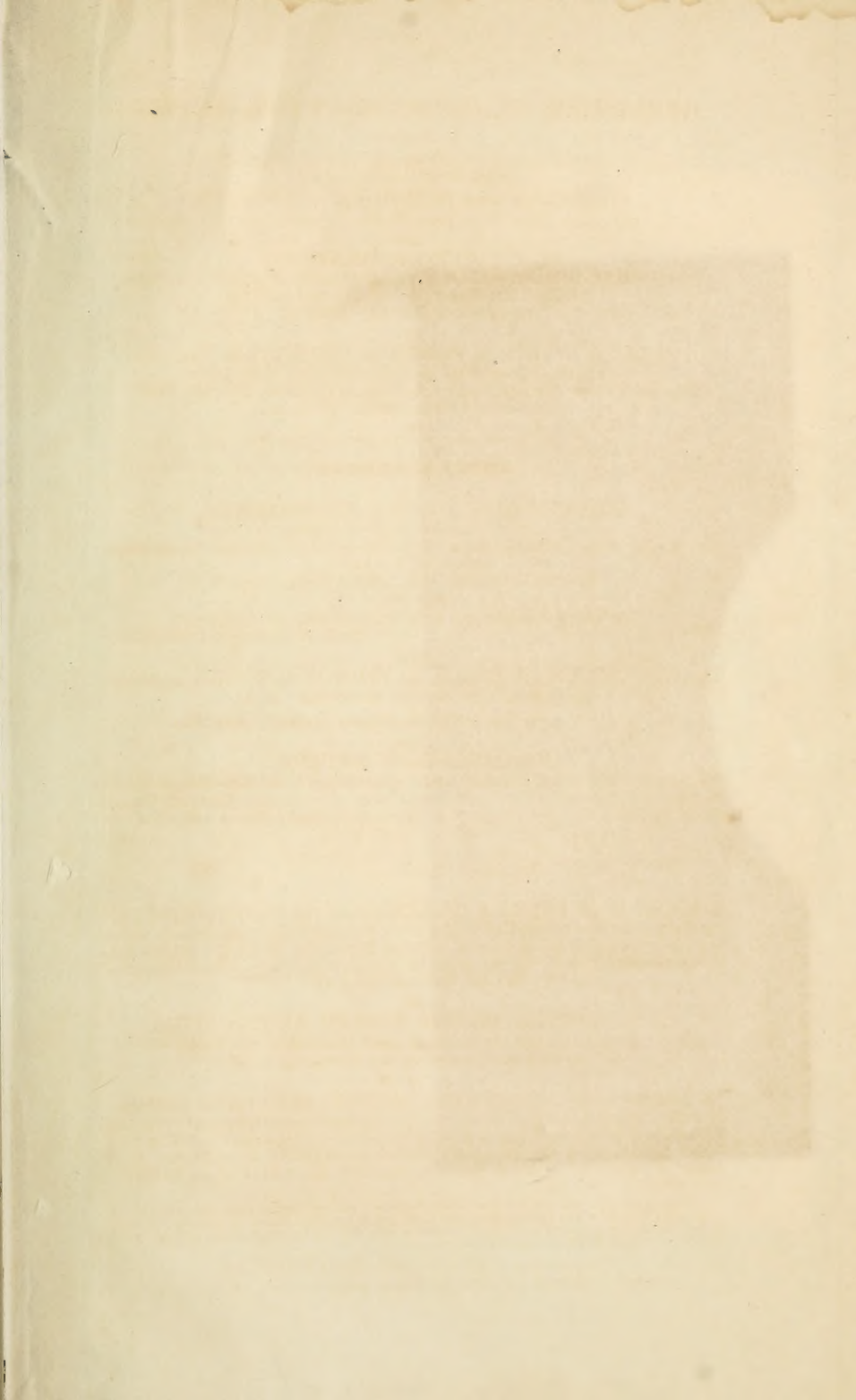
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